THE MODERN LOVERS: OR, THE ADVENTURES OF *CUPID*, THE GOD of LOVE: A NOVEL.

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THE

THE MODERN LOVERS: OR, THE ADVENTURES OF *CUPID.*

CHAP. I.

Cupid *relates the Hiſtory of* Lotharia *and* Jemima.—Lotharia, *after having gain'd the Affections of* Jemima, *deſerts her, and marries a rich old Lady*; —*to reſent the Injury,* Jemima *marries a Perſon greatly inferior to her—who preſently after lives publicly with another Woman—The Wife of* Lotharia

dying, he renews his Suit to Jemima; *and by many ſubtle Artifices prevails on her to co-habit with him—Growing ſated with her Charms, he again deſerts her, and ſhe dies with Grief, and* Lotharia *meets with a Puniſhment adequate to his Crimes.*

NO Perſon, I preſume, is unacquainted with my Pedigree; I ſhall, therefore, avoid relating what is already univerſally known, and begin with my Adventures immediately.

Jemima was deſcended of an antient and honourable Family, but her Fortune being too ſcanty for her Birth, ſhe was educated at the Expence of an Uncle who was extremely rich.

No Accompliſhments befitting a Maid of Condition were denied her, and ſhe arrived to ſuch Perfection in every Particular, that few could equal her, and none exceed her.

She

She improved ſo much by the bright Example of one of the beſt of Mothers, and the Precepts inſtilled into her Youth, that amidſt all the alluring Temptations of a debauched and vitious Age, and the daily Solicitations of a Number of Admirers, ſhe preſerved a Reputation clear and untainted even from the bare Suſpicion of an immodeſt Act, or unchaſte Deſire.

But as the ſtricteſt Virtue never refuſes Admittance to my piercing Darts, ſhe felt my Influence in Favour of the ſeemingly faithful *Lotharia*.

In fine, ſhe loved; nor had ſhe the Artifice to conceal the all-commanding Paſſion—*Lotharia* read it in her Bluſhes, and the ſoft varying Glances of her Love-ſick Eyes, whenever ſhe gazed upon the agreeable Deceiver.

Rejoiced at the Diſcovery, and vain on his experienced Power, he ſoon teſtified by his Behaviour, how great an

Enemy Security is to the Fervency of Deſire.

He now began to think, that ſince he was aſſured ſhe loved, there was nothing he might not expect from the Violence of that Paſſion; and that he might both enjoy her, and at the ſame Time repair his ruined Fortune by chooſing a Bride, in whoſe Power it was more to advance his Intereſt.

Amelia, a Widow of about ſeventy, but greatly jointured, had lately given him ſome Teſtimonies of her Affection, and her Wealth was a ſufficient Poize, in the Balance of his Opinion, againſt all the Merits and Perfections of *Jemima*.

Being determined to gain her, if poſſible, he immediately communicated to her his Intentions: She did not require much courting, but preſently conſented to be his Wife; and though he had proceeded ſo far with the Friends of

Jemima,

Jemima, as to appoint a Day for the Celebration of their Nuptials, he invented an Excuſe to delay it; and that very Morning which was to give that blooming Beauty to his Arms, he became the Huſband of *Amelia*, who was more than twice her Age.

He wrote a Letter to the fair abandoned *Jemima*, endeavouring to vindicate the Crime he had been guilty of, by laying the Blame on the Neceſſity of his Affairs, and the Fear he was in of involving her, whom he loved better than himſelf, into his Misfortunes.

But this Plea was ſo far from working the Effect he aimed at, that, fired with a generous Diſdain at his perfidious Treatment, ſhe reſolved, if poſſible, to think of him no more, but with the utmoſt Scorn and Deteſtation; and to convince him of her Averſion, in a very few Days married herſelf to a Man as far beneath her, both in Birth and Fortune, as her ungrateful

Lover, *Lotharia*, had ſeemed to think ſhe was to him.

In this ſudden and imprudent Choice ſhe regarded not the Conſent of Friends, or the Appearance there was of being certainly wretched;——ſhe thought of nothing but expreſſing her Reſentment; and to pique the Man that had affronted her, condemned herſelf to the worſt of Miſeries, a wedded State, without either Intereſt or Inclination to ſweeten the bitter Pill of an eternal Bondage.

But it was not long before both *Lotharia* and *Jemima* heartily repented of this Raſhneſs;—he found that Wealth was inſufficient to purchaſe Satisfaction, and ſhe as quickly found that Revenge had but ſhort-liv'd Charms.

Each would now have gladly quitted all their imaginary Pleaſures, to have enjoyed that real one of Reconciliation with each other; but *Jemima* had too much Haughtineſs to ſeem willing to forgive,

give, and *Lotharia* too juſt a Senſe of his Guilt to gather Confidence to aſk it.

They both languiſhed on the Rack of fruitleſs Wiſhes for ſome Time, till Heaven, in Pity of *Lotharia*'s Penitence, took from him the greateſt Bar of his Deſires.

Amelia, his Wife, died of Age, and the Grief for his Unkindneſs; and now it is very probable, in the Fullneſs of Deſire for *Jemima*, and real Contrition for having ſo groſly offended her, would have made Reparation by marrying her, had ſhe been at Liberty; but ſhe was ſo unhappy as to be a Widow and have a Huſband ſtill alive.——The Partner of her Bed had flown from her Embraces, and deſpiſing her Charms, lived publicly with another Woman.

Happy might ſhe have been, as he renounced her Love, could ſhe have alſo renounced the Tye which made

her his;——But that, alas! was indiſſolvable; and though he was no more a *Huſband*, ſhe muſt be ſtill a *Wife*.

Reflecting on this unfortunate Circumſtance, deterred her from admitting the Viſits of *Lotharia*, ſenſible as ſhe was of his Penitence and Return of Affection, rather chooſing to ſee him conſumed in fruitleſs Languiſhments, and periſh by the ſame herſelf, than be guilty of any thing which might caſt the leaſt Blemiſh on her Reputation, or be of Prejudice to her Virtue.

But how little is it in the Power of human Prudence always to reſiſt the powerful Emotions of Paſſion, eſpecially that Sort of Paſſion which is inſpired by me!—How weak is Reaſon when oppoſed by my Darts! and how enervate all the Strugglings of Conſideration!

Lotharia, whoſe Deſire increaſed by the Difficulties it met with, was too aſſiſiduous

duous to be for ever unſucceſsful; and having for a long Time had Spies on all her Motions, he one Day met her, and a few Tears and Proteſtations re-eſtabliſhed him in her Heart, with as full Power as he poſſeſſed before he had offended her.

What can the impatient burning Lover deſire more than a Remiſſion of all his Crimes, and to behold an equal Paſſion in the believing Fair?

There required but a very little Ceremony for the Attainment of his utmoſt Hope, nor would the wild Impatience of his Wiſhes permit him to uſe much.

With all the Tranſports and Agonies of furious Deſire, he ſnatched the half-reluctant Charmer to his glowing Breaſt, nor would he ſuffer her to part from thence till her Virtue, and each oppoſing Thought was quite ſubdued, and he had made himſelf an ample

Amends in her Arms for all his Torments paſt.

The racking Joys which a firſt Enjoyment, after a long Deſpair affords, being over, abated not the Fervour of his Paſſion :——He imagined he ſhould ever feel the ſame, and ſwore his Flame grew higher by Poſſeſſion.

The undone *Jemima* believed his Vows, and by his preſent Extacies forming a future Proſpect of never-ending Joys, was very eaſily prevailed on to return no more to her abandoned Home, mixing her Profeſſions with his, to live eternally in each other's Arms.

For a ſhort Time, indeed, never was ſenſual Appetite more highly feaſted ; and whoever had ſeen the amorous Pair together, would not have doubted but that it was by my immortal Influence they were ſo cloſely united.

But,

But, alas! too ſoon the wand'ring criminal Flame diſcovered itſelf to be an Inſpiration vaſtly different from mine.

The dull Tranquility of unrefuſed inſipid Enjoyment, together with the Sight of a new Beauty, loſt the unfortunate *Jemima* the Heart ſhe had ſo dearly purchaſed, and believed herſelf ſo perfectly ſecure of.

The eager Tranſports of the inconſtant *Lotharia* were now degenerated into a cold indifferent Performance of the Rites of Love; and when, with wanton Eyes, ſhe ſeemed to upbraid the ſurpriſing Alteration, with faint Excuſes he put her off: He was often indiſpoſed, melancholy, and out of Humour in her Preſence; which were too plain Symptoms of his Change and her Undoing, for her to make any Doubt of it:—But where was now Relief to be had?—There was no Remedy for this unexpected Woe.

Sighs,

Sighs, Tears, and the bittereſt Reproaches were vain, either to eaſe the Anguiſh of her tortured Soul, or to ſoften his inexorable Heart; and when ſhe had Recourſe to the latter, ſhe found her Condition much worſe than ſhe had even feared it was.

While ſhe concealed the Impatience of her Heart, and ſought by Softneſs alone to reclaim him, Pity made him endeavour to diſguiſe the ſecret Falſeneſs of his perfidious Inclinations; but when powerful Reſentment broke its ſtruggling Paſſage, and vented itſelf with the moſt violent Exclamations againſt his Baſeneſs, with equal Indignation he met the Tempeſt of her Rage;—threw off the Hypocrite, and confeſſed the Villain.

The Habitation they lived in became a Scene of perpetual Jars; and in a very ſhort Time he forſook it, and left her expoſed to Want, to Shame, and all the Miſeries that can attend a Woman

man abandoned by the Man, for whom ſhe has abandoned all, and is by all deſervedly abandoned.

The Soul of *Jemima* was too haughty to ſubmit to aſk Relief either from her inhuman Betrayer, or thoſe whoſe Society ſhe had for his Sake abjured, ſhe therefore reſolved to ſuffer the greateſt Ills that Fortune could inflict rather than complain.

Her Scene of Woe was but of ſhort Duration, for the omnipotent *Jupiter*, in Pity of her Misfortunes, commanded *Atropos* to cut the Thread of Life which was deſtined only to be wretched.

Immediately after her Death, the ungrateful *Lotharia* purſued his new Amour with the utmoſt Aſſiduity and Vigour, and ſoon attained the Accompliſhment of his Deſires; but the divine *Aſtrea* would not permit him to taſte Felicity in a Paſſion which he had rendered ſo fatal to another.——The Woman, whoſe Charms had eclipſed

thoſe

thoſe of *Jemima*, made him dearly repent the Poſſeſſion of her tainted Beauty.——

Sometime before her Acquaintance with *Lotharia*, ſhe had carried on an Intrigue with one of the moſt diſſolute Men of the Age.

He had infected her with a ſcandalous loathſome Diſeaſe, which ſhe communicated to her new Admirer.

The racking Pains which afterwards ſeized on the whole Frame of *Lotharia*, and tortured every Nerve, were infinitely ſhort of what he endured from the Agonies of Remorſe.

The Anguiſh of his Body the Surgeons and Phyſicians have found Means to eaſe, but that of his Mind can never be alleviated.

His conſcious Stings no Art can cure,
They muſt eternally endure.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Horatia *having got Poſſeſſion of the Heart of* Lavinia, *neglects and forſakes her. —She deſpiſes his Perfidy, and ſcorns the Scorner.*—Horatia *perceiving her Indifference, renews his Suit, and languiſhes to no Purpoſe.—For the amorous Deity of ſoft Deſires, pierced him with his irreſiſtible Darts, and forces him to love unpitied by the charming Object.*

HAVING breathed a little, I ſhall now entertain my mortal Readers with another Portion of my Adventures.

Horatia loved with the utmoſt Fervour of Affection, a young Lady, whoſe Name is *Lavinia.*

Long did he ſue, long languiſh in a hopeleſs Paſſion; but repeated and continued Importunities at laſt won on the yielding

yielding Fair, and he obtained of her all that his burning Wiſhes could deſire.

The Victory being once obtained, Deſire ſoon loſt its enchanting Vigour; *Horatia* neglected, and in Time forſook her.

The undone Charmer had recourſe to Sighs, to Tears, and to all the ſoft Artillery of deſpairing Love; but, alas! when once the Heart is alienated, how vain are all the ſtrongeſt Efforts to bring it back!

Horatia ſhunn'd the Preſence of his once adored *Lavinia*; he anſwered not her Letters, nor would he liſten to any Arguments, which thoſe who pitied her Misfortune could urge in her Behalf.

Thoſe tender Calls, which once would have made his Soul bound with Exceſs of Rapture, were now grown quite troubleſome;—that Paſſion he had been ſo aſſiduous to inſpire, inſipid; and all the

the Happineſs he wiſhed her, was, that ſhe might grow as indifferent as he was; and rid them both of the Uneaſineſs which vain Expectation created on the one Side, and unavailing Importunity on the other.

At length the Gods conſented to his Wiſh; *Lavinia* being worn out with Grief, and Life half waſted away with continual Pain and Anguiſh, the Goddeſs *Minerva*, in Pity of her Miſery, and to ſupport the Dignity of her own Sex, animated and ſtrengthened her with Reſolution to deſpiſe the ungenerous Dealing ſhe had received and not deſerved, and bravely ſcorn the Scorner.

That Tenderneſs which had been ſo fatal to her Honour, by Degrees, gave Place to a juſt Reſentment, and both, at length, in cold Indifference, were loſt.

Being once more reſtored to Peace, ſhe now looks back, with Wonder, at the Folly of her paſt Conduct, and knows no Pain ſo great as the direful Remembrance that ſhe was once ſo great a Fool.

This Adventure, however, is ſufficient to render her Breaſt impregnable againſt a ſecond Attack; nor is there hardly a Probability that any new Invader ever will ſucceed.

But, now obſerve the fickle Turns of the inconſtant Nature of Man!—No ſooner had *Horatia* diſcovered the Alteration in her Humour than his changed alſo.

He now began to reflect on the ineſtimable Jewel, his blind Ingratitude had caſt away; he regrets his barbarous Cruelty, and is amazed that he ever could treat her in ſo vile a Manner.

Her

Her Charms return again with treble Force—Once more he thinks her the moſt meritorious of all her Sex;—he languiſhes, adores, and wiſhes a ſecond Time; but all in vain.

The Scene is now changed, and he, in his Turn, is to know the Tortures of Deſpair.—Not all the Eloquence of *Apollo*, or ſoft-tongu'd *Mercury*, is able to repreſent the various Pangs of his tormented Soul.

Sometimes he raves at Fate——condemns the Cruelty and unexpected Coldneſs of *Lavinia*, but oftener curſes his own inconſtant Diſpoſition.

By Day he follows her from Place to Place, with Sighs, with Tears, with Prayers, and the utmoſt Penitence.—By Night, he counts the unregarding Stars, invoking all to favour his Deſires, and influence the Soul of the obdurate *Lavinia* in his Favour.

Nor

No Reſt, or Eaſe, can his diſordered Fancy know; and while he ſeeks to divert the Accuteneſs of his Pain, by this wild Hurry of promiſcuous Pleaſures, it grows on him the more.

Lavinia ſwims ever before his Eyes; ſhe is for ever in his Sight—He thinks he hears or ſees her ſcorn him; and though far diſtant from the Place, the Spirit of her Wrongs appears always before him, and ſupplies her Preſence.

"Oh! ye juſt Gods!" cried I, "well haſt thou ordained!—Let him "love on; love on unpitied Mortal! "and to the End of Life, experience "the Horror of loſing all thou loveſt, "and knowing too that thou haſt "loſt it by thy own Default."

Let burning Love for ever rack his Breaſt,
And let the Object all his Arts deteſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Deity of ſoft Deſires relates the Hiſtory of Berillio *and* Lydia.—Berillio *marries a Lady more for Fortune than Affection.—He becomes enamoured of* Lydia, *her waiting Woman.*—Berillio's *Affections being eſtranged from his Conſort, Exceſs of Grief cauſes her to have recourſe to drinking.*—Lydia *ſupplies her with pernicious Liquor, in order to haſten her Death.—It has the deſired Effect, and ſhe afterwards becomes the Wife of* Berillio.

THE Kingdom of *England* can boaſt of no Commoner much more wealthy than *Berillio*; he married in his Youth to a Lady of a very good Fortune, and an agreeable Perſon; but whatever Attractions he might find in her, when he made Choice of her for his Bride, in a very ſhort Time after ſhe became his Wife, they were no more remembered.

The

The brighter, and untaſted Charms of a beautiful Damſel that waited on her, eraſed from his Heart all former Ideas.

He became ſo wholly devoted to her, that he was no longer Maſter of himſelf. *Lydia* (for that was the Name of the Virgin Attendant) ſoon became ſenſible of her Power, and made uſe of it to the beſt Advantage.

Though Inclination pleaded ſtrong in his Behalf, and preſſed her to yield all his eager Hopes purſued, yet did ſhe repel all their Dictates;—long held him at an humble Diſtance, and never conſented to favour him, till ſhe had obtained from him a ſolemn Engagement to marry her, if it ſhould ſo happen that her Lady was to die, and he ſhould be left at Liberty.

This Contract being carried into Execution, ſhe immediately put him in Poſſeſſion of his Wiſhes; but Enjoyment

ment abated not his Ardor, nor extinguiſhed any Part of that ardent Fire, with which he had ſo fervently adored and loved her.

He was deſirous to have taken her from the Condition of a Servant, and have made a genteel Proviſion for her, but ſhe would not conſent to leave his Houſe, imagining ſhe ſhould, by ſtaying in it, have a better Opportunity, by a thouſand little Stratagems, to ſecure his Heart; or, if he ſhould ever ſlight her, of upbraiding his Infidelity.

She therefore ſaid to him, " Sir, as " my whole Ambition is centured in " giving you Delight, I cannot bear " the Thoughts of quitting a Place, " where I ſhall every Day, almoſt every " Hour, have the Happineſs of ſeeing " and being ſeen by you, without any " Suſpicion of our Intimacy; but, if " I ſhould remove to any other Place, " though never ſo private, the Intrigue " might not only be diſcovered, but

" our

" our Meetings muſt alſo be leſs fre-
" quent."

Berillio looked upon this as an undoubted Proof of the moſt ardent Affection, ſince it was ſo great as to oblige her to continue in the mean Station of a Servant, rather than become a Miſtreſs and have Servants to attend her, only becauſe ſhe muſt be further removed from him.

He therefore would not ſuffer her to be a Loſer by her Generoſity, but beſtowed on her the ſame Preſents as he would have done had ſhe taken Lodgings, and depended wholly on him for her Support, in a Manner as unbounded as his Love.

The neglected unregarded Wife, who was but too ſenſible of the Unkindneſs of her Huſband, though entirely ignorent of the Object of his new Paſſion, fell into a deep Melancholy; to alleviate which,

which, like many others, ſhe had recourſe to *Bacchus*.

Night and Day did ſhe pour down her Throat the intoxicating Juice, till all the animating Fires, which Nature lent, were entirely quenched.

Stupidity now ſeized her Mind, and Sickneſs her debilitated Body. She ſoon grew ſo changed in all, that ſhe ſcarce was to be known.

Lydia could not have wiſhed her leſs agreeable than ſhe now rendered herſelf; and forſeeing, that if ſhe continued in this Courſe, it muſt infallibly deprive her of Life, as it had already done of Reaſon, took Care to convey in, unknown to her Adorer, great Quantities of that pernicious Liquor which ſhe ſeemed moſt greedy of; and placing it in a Cloſet near her Bed, the Unfortunate ſoon drank herſelf dead.

This Bar to the Hopes of *Lydia* being removed, ſhe preſs'd *Berillio* for the Performance of his Covenant, which he made not the leaſt Scruple of doing; and the unfortunate Wife was no ſooner laid in the Boſom of her Mother Earth, than the World beheld her Woman in her Place, and publicly declared the Wife of *Berillio*.

Never was any Woman a more perfect Miſtreſs in thoſe Arts, which beyond true Merit have the Efficacy to retain Affection.

He who was inſenſible of Gratitude for the tendereſt Paſſion, nor moved with Pity for the miſerable End of a Wife of equal Birth and Fortune with himſelf; and who, till ſhe fell into that Vice of Drunkenneſs (which his Unkindneſs only occaſioned) had nothing blameable in her Conduct, now doats on a Wretch inferior to him in every Circumſtance, and to whom he is not,

by

by a thouſandth Part, ſo dear as he was to the other.

A Daughter whom ſhe bore to him long before the Deceaſe of his firſt Wife, is now married to a younger Son of an Earl.

She is the Inheretrix of her Mother's Beauty and Artifice;—there are many Inſtances of her Perfection in the latter; but as I have mentioned this Story only for the ſake of demonſtrating the Inconveniences which attend Drinking, I ſhall let all other Particulars of the Family remain a Secret.

Bacchus very often ſupplies my Place; but how ſmall and inconſiderable a Relief he is able to afford his Votaries, thoſe who have experienced him can teſtify.

CHAP. IV.

He acquaints us, that a certain Viſcounteſs, having loſt the Affections of her Huſband, applies to Bacchus.—*He deſcribes a Bacchanalian Club.—He denies that he acts in Concert with* Bacchus, *aſſuring us that he takes the Part of* Luſt, *and that he ſtands in no need of his Influence.*

THE Wife of *Berillio* was not the only Woman who has, in her Misfortunes, had recourſe to *Bacchus* for Relief.—I can mention many other Examples.

The late Conſort of a certain Viſcount, finding it impoſſible to regain the eſtranged Affections of her Huſband, was deceived into a Belief, that the inexpreſſible Pleaſures of *Bacchus* might compenſate for thoſe which I denied, and by indulging herſelf in them,

them, fell a Sacrifice to the Health-deſtroying Rites.

Alſo the preſent Wife of a Baron, fancying herſelf ill-treated in a late Suit of Law, when ſhe ſued for a Divorce, is become a profeſſed *Bacchanalian*, and the Head of a Society who call themſelves the happy Club.

Each Night they meet, deſpiſing Decency, and renouncing thoſe Decorums, which the Female Sex, from their Infancy, are taught to obſerve.

Each with a Glaſs in their Hand filled to the Brim;——they ſing, they dance, carouſe, till bright *Aurora* bluſhing for their Want of Shame, revives their drowſy Servants to force away their reeling Miſtreſſes to their forgotten Homes.

How exceſſive ſcandalous is ſuch Behaviour in a Sex whoſe greateſt Charms are Modeſty and Sobriety!——And

how impiouſly do they injure me, who alledge that I act in Concert with *Bacchus*, who is the leaſt worthy of all the Gods, and ſtand in need of his Influence to make Way for mine.

No, far from it. In Defiance of my Power he takes the Part of Luſt, and robs me of half the Votaries I might otherwiſe gain.

The God of Wit is equally affronted by undiſtinguiſhing Mortals, who imagine it is to the Inſpiration of the Juice of the Grape that they are indebted for the Uſe of Song and Harmony of well-compoſed Words.

But the Bards themſelves know better. ——It is a falſe and fleeting Spirit that Wine inſpires, which extinguiſhes the true one; and when once evaporated, leaves a certain Heavineſs of the Mind, and renders it only fit to be committed to the Hands of *Morpheus*.

Would

Would ſtupid Mortals conſider the Inconveniences which attend this Debauchery, they could not, I think, be ſtupid enough to think the nauſeous Pleaſures it affords a ſufficient Compenſation.

CHAP. IV.

The amorous Deity tells us, that Clariſſa *ſeeing a Gentleman in the Hands of Bailiffs, ſends her Servant to learn the Debt, and diſcharges it.——He goes to return her Thanks, and preſently becomes extremely intimate with her.——His Wife being ſoon after found dead in her Bed, he marries with* Clariſſa.—*He dies ſoon after, leaving two Daughters——The Character of a Lady of their Acquaintance——*Capid's *Reflections on* true *and falſe Love*, &c.

MY mortal Readers, I hope, will pardon my indulging myſelf with ſome little Intervals of Reſt in the Courſe of my Adventures; for though

I am an immortal Deity, my Spirits ſometimes flag, and grow feeble and languid with Labour and indefatigable Induſtry.

But, to proceed:

Clariſſa is a Lady, who, though uſed in the vileſt Manner by a Huſband, and but with Indifference by a Gallant, could not conquer her Inclinations with the perfidious Sex.

Happening one Day, to look out of her Window, ſhe ſaw a handſome genteel well-dreſs'd Gentleman in the Hands of Bailiffs, who were carrying him to Priſon for a Debt he was not able to pay.

That Paſſion which ſo often, undeſervedly, bears my Name, immediately took Poſſeſſion of her Soul.

She was ſo delighted with the Beauty of his Perſon, that ſhe was quite regardleſs

gardleſs what were his Principles or Circumſtances.

Clariſſa having juſt before received a pretty large Sum of Money, ſhe ſent one of her Servants to obſerve where they carried him, and alſo to enquire how much the Debt was.

The Servant preſently returned with ample Intelligence of both; and ſhe immediately ſent and diſcharged him out of Captivity, though the Sum was no leſs than *Five Hundred Pounds.*

Being thus releaſed, Gratitude and good Manners demanded he ſhould come and pay his Acknowledgments to ſo bountiful and ſalutary a Benefactreſs.

Clariſſa and him preſently became extremely intimate; and in a very few Weeks the Wife of him that was releaſed from Bondage, was found dead in her Bed.

That Impediment was no ſooner laid under Ground, than he recompenſed the Favours he had received from the other, by giving her his Perſon.

They were married with the greateſt Solemnity, but he did not many Years ſurvive after that unfortunate Woman, whom his ſpeedy Marriage with another teſtified he never loved.

However, he left behind him two Daughters that he had by *Clariſſa:* The elder of which has Charms enough to captivate the Heart of a Hero.

She has ſacrificed her Honour to her Ambition, and now enjoys a very large Penſion as a Gratuity for her Virgin Favours.

The other, who is much inferior to her Siſter in regard to Beauty, has for a long Time ſpread her alluring Snares for ſubduing the Son of a certain Nobleman; but I have ſecured him from

from her Enchantments by my more powerful Spells, and ſhe but renders herſelf ridiculous in the vain and fruitleſs Attempt.

The beautiful and virtuous *Pamela* engroſſes all his Cares.——They will very ſhortly be link'd in the moſt ſacred Union that Love can make; and diſappointed Pride will work its uſual Effects in the Mind of this moſt perfect Pattern of her Parent's Diſpoſition.

The two Daughters of *Clariſſa* are conſtant Gueſts at the Houſe of *Ariana*, who is a Relation of theirs, and who, on her Wedding day, was detected in the Act of Shame with one of the Servants of her Bridegroom; but he, having more Regard to the immenſe Fortune than the agreeable Perſon of the Lady he had married, huſh'd up the Affair.

It was known but to few particular People, and by them, in a ſhort Time, diſregarded and forgot.

It is in this ſcandalous Manner, O Mortals! that my Influence is prophaned;——my Name is abuſed, and made a Cover to the moſt vile and deteſtable Deeds.

The virtuous Wife is abandoned by her Huſband, to Scorn, to Grief, and all the Miſeries which are Attendants on Penury; and laviſhes his Wealth and Time on a common Proſtitute.

The eloping Wife bears Children to another Man; deſpiſes the ſacred Bands of *Hymen*, and glories in her Infamy and Shame;——and all this is done under the Sanction of my irreſiſtible Power; when, alas! they are entire Strangers to my Influence———Never did I condeſcend to dwell in Souls with ſo little Delicacy.

Conſtancy,

Conſtancy, Tenderneſs, Generoſity, Gratitude and Chaſtity proclaim the Divinity of that Love which I inſpire; and where they are wanting, it is a brutal Paſſion, and my direct Oppoſite that actuates the Mind and Will.

Yet, we are often miſtaken for each other by ill-judging Mortals, and the virtuous Maid, or cautious Youth are afraid to receive me into their Boſoms, leſt I ſhould compel them to be guilty of thoſe Actions which Honour trembles at.

They repel my Darts with all their Might; and when they are at laſt ſubdued by my all-conquering Force, with painful Caution they manage every Look and Motion; ſtill doubtful of themſelves, and jealous of the Increaſe of Deſire:——Shunning what they moſt earneſtly wiſh, and chooſing to be wretched rather than be happy.

They

They are frightened from real Happineſs by a diſtant Shadow of but imaginary Guilt, which renders them refractory to all the enchanting Joys that I beſtow.

The Names of *Love* and *Luſt* are ſo confounded, that human Reaſon, in vain, endeavours to diſtinguiſh them; and it is by their Effects alone their different Operations are diſplayed.

How much, therefore, is unhappy Innocence impoſed on! and to what Straits are its deluded Votaries driven!

But it is not only in thoſe kind of Deſires which the Difference of Sex creates that I am blaſphemed; thoſe moſt monſtrous and abominably wicked, thoſe worſe than beſtial Paſſions, which Men and Women are poſſeſſed of for their own Specie, are alſo ſaid to be by me occaſioned.

Horrible

Horrible is it to Imagination, more horrible would it be, if I ſhould lead you where ocular Demonſtration would convince you of theſe ſhameful and ſcandalous Practices.

This worſt of Vices was firſt invented by a Fellow of high Birth, who by a Defect in Nature was rendered incapable of knowing a more refined Delight; and is now grown ſo much a Faſhion, that it ſeems a Part of a genteel Qualification.

Thoſe Walks which were formerly frequentd by the Devotees of *Venus*, are now taken up with Swarms of *Catamites*; who by an affected Mimickry of that Sex they ſcorn and deteſt, and a Sort of Gibberiſh, or Jargon, intelligible only to one another, are known by thoſe who ſeek their Fellowſhip.

O *Jupiter*, thou ſupremeſt of the Gods, and next in Power to Fate, revenge my Cauſe on theſe abandoned curſed

curſed Wretches; pour on their Heads the worſt of Horrors, and force them, in the bittereſt Agonies of Remorſe, to acknowledge their Crime to the aſtoniſhed World, and clear my wounded Fame.

Strike upon their beſtial Foreheads ſome glaring Marks of Infamy, that they may be known and hooted as they paſs.

Let them, on Earth, extremeſt Tortures know,
And then convey them to eternal Woe.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The blind Deity relates the Hiſtory of Acaſter *and* Lucia—Acaſter *is ſubdued by* Lucia;—*he gains her Affections*——*He viſits her at a Country Houſe; where, under a Pretence of being extremely ill, he is put to Bed*—*At Midnight he ſteals from his own Chamber to that of* Lucia;—*and rifles her of her Virgin Treaſure before ſhe has Power to prevent it.*——*To make her eaſy, he promiſes Marriage, but afterwards goes to the* Weſt Indies *to avoid it, where he marries with another Lady.*—Lucia *being pregnant, goes after him;*—*he denies he ever knew her*—— *ſhe returns again to* England, *&c.*

HAVING finiſhed my Relation of the moſt abominable Tranſactions amongſt Mortals, I ſhall now proceed with the Hiſtory of *Lucia*.

She

She was deſcended from Parents who were eminent both for their Worth and Dignity.

Her exquiſite Beauty, and extraordinary Accompliſhments, rendered her the general Admiration of all who beheld her.

Innumerable were the Conqueſts ſhe daily gained, but none appeared more truly ſubdued than the Son of a certain Gentleman of the City of *London*, named *Acaſter*.

He was a Stranger to Eaſe by Day, or Repoſe by Night, till he at laſt obtained the long'd-for Opportunity of declaring to *Lucia* the Paſſion he was poſſeſſed of.

Few men have more Attractions than *Acaſter*—*Lucia* preſently became enamoured of him, and not imagining that his Pretenſions to her were founded on any thing but the ſtricteſt Honour, took

took not that Care to defend her Heart againſt the Power of his Perſuaſions, which ſhe had done againſt others, who, leſs perfect in the Art of Diſſimulation, had given her Cauſe to fear them.

In fine, ſhe not only loved him, but alſo acquainted him with the Impreſſion he had made on her.

Having before loſt one of the fineſt Women in the World by too great an Obſervance of Honour, he reſolved not to neglect the firſt Opportunity which Fortune ſhould favour him with again.

Having a good Pretence to viſit her at a Country Houſe, where ſhe was retired for the Benefit of the Air after recovering from a ſlight Illneſs, her Parents being both left behind her in Town, and none but a few Servants in the Houſe, he counterfeited a ſudden Illneſs while he was there; and her Humanity, Tenderneſs, and Good-nature obliging her to entreat him not to leave the

the Houſe till he was better, furniſhed him with the Means of her Ruin.

He was carefully put to Bed in a well-counterfeited Agony; none, in the leaſt, ſuſpecting but that he was in Reality extremely indiſpoſed.

But in the Dead of Night, when every curious Eye was cloſed, and every liſt'ning Ear was ſtopp'd by *Morpheus*, and the charming *Lucia* even in Dreams invoking Heaven to reſtore her adored *Acaſter* to his former Health, the baſe injurious *Acaſter* forſook his Chamber, and ſtealing ſoftly to her's, which, fearleſs of any Danger, was but ſlightly put to, he entered it, and was in her Bed, nay, even in her Arms, before ſhe awaked, or had the leaſt Warning of his perfidious Purpoſe.

Judge of the Greatneſs of her Aſtoniſhment, when, by his ſtrenuous Embrace, the Bands of Sleep were broke, ſhe

ſhe found herſelf ſo villainouſly betrayed.

She would have ſhriek'd, and called aloud for Help, but the ſmothering Kiſſes of the Deſigner robbed her of the Power.

She was irretrievably undone, her Virgin Treaſure rifled by the bold Invader, before ſhe had even Time to think how to prevent it.

The fatal Tranſport being over, it was now too late to reſent what had been done.

Not all the bittereſt Reproaches which virtuous Indignation could ſuggeſt, had now the Power to call back Time, or reſtore that Honour he had robbed her of.

Sighs, Tears, and ſoft Upbraidings were all the Arms ſhe made uſe of to oblige him to repair the Injury he had done

done her, by marrying her; which, in order to make her eaſy, and leſs reluctant to his preſent Pleaſures, he promiſed, and ſwore he would perform in a very few Days.

Lucia being incapable of Deceit, and unable to conceive the Man ſhe loved could be guilty of it in ſo great a Degree, ſhe believed him, and alſo that it had only been the Effects of a too violent Paſſion, which was not nevertheleſs the more diſhonourable, becauſe it was unbounded, that compelled him to act in the Manner he had lately done.

His Oaths and Proteſtations, and her own Eaſineſs of Nature, ſerved to make her tolerably contented while ſhe continued in the Country.

But when ſhe returned to Town, and found that he was ſo far from demanding her of her Parents in Marriage, as he had promiſed, that his Viſits grew much leſs frequent than they had been;

and

and that, in every Reſpect, he behaved before them like a Man who had no ſuch Intentions.

Upon this, ſhe began to grow exceſſively uneaſy, eſpecially when, in a ſhort Time, ſhe found herſelf with Child.

She complained to *Acaſter* in private, with the moſt moving and piteous Lamentations, but he had ſtill ſome Evaſion wherewith to put her off, and ſilence her Reproaches; till taking the Opportunity of ſome Ships ſetting ſail for the *Weſt Indies*, he embarked in one of them with ſo much Secrecy, that ſhe had not the leaſt Intimation that he had any Deſign of leaving the Place, till ſhe heard when and where he was gone.

I cannot pretend to ſay whether Grief or Rage had the greateſt Share in tormenting her at ſo unexpected a Piece of Ingratitude and Barbarity; but it is poſſible the former might have yielded

to

to the latter; and juſt Reſentment ſtifled all the Dictates of Tenderneſs and Love, had not the Condition ſhe was in reminded her that there was nothing more wretched than herſelf.

She was for a conſiderable Time incapable of forming, much leſs of executing any Reſolution her unparallel'd Injuries might inſpire.

At length, ſtruggling as much as poſſible with the Anguiſh of her Soul, ſhe wrote to him in ſuch a Stile as, I think, would have touched any Soul, but his, with Penitence and Remorſe.

She entreated him either to come back, or to ſend to her Father in ſuch a Manner as would ſave her from the Shame his cruel Love had brought upon her; conjured him to own her for a Wife, even though he never intended to make her one; and to ſay ſomething which might ſcreen her Reputation for

the preſent, whatever ſhe might endure for the future.

She alſo ſent him another Letter, but received no Anſwer from him to either of them.

Her Condition being now almoſt too viſible to be concealed, all that can be conceived of Grief, of Confuſion, and of Horror, took Poſſeſſion of her Soul.

Determined rather to die than make any Perſon the Confidant of her Miſfortunes, ſhe packed up what Jewels and Money ſhe had by her; and in the Dead of Night, while her unſuſpecting Parents and all the Family were drowned in Sleep, ſtole ſoftly out of the Houſe.

During the whole Night did ſhe wander, fearleſs of the Darkneſs, or whatever Accidents in that ſolemn and direful Seaſon might befal her: Imagination being able to figure nothing half ſo terrible as the Diſcovery of her Shame.

By the Morning ſhe was got to the Out-ſkirts of the City; where finding a Stage Coach ready to go out, ſhe took a Place in it, and in a few Days arrived at a Sea-Port, where ſhe waited a ſhort Time for a ſhip; and embarking with the firſt that ſailed, landed ſafely in the *Weſt Indies*.

She eſcaped the Dangers of that uncertain Element; but, alas! it was to ſuffer a much worſe Wreck on Land.

Making all poſſible Speed to the Town where her *Acaſter* reſided, the very firſt Tidings that ſaluted her Ear, were, that the perfidious Traitor was very lately married to a young Lady of Quality.

There now remained no Poſſibility of making the poor *Lucia* the Reparation her Injury demanded; but as by his Behaviour ſhe had very little Reaſon to hope for it, in caſe he had not put it out of his Power, ſhe perſevered in her Reſolution

Reſolution of going to him, not to implore his Favour, but to reproach his Baſeneſs.

She imagined he would, at leaſt, ſeek ſome Evaſions to excuſe or palliate the Crime he had been guilty of; and doubted not, but in her Preſence, he would feign a Compaſſion for the Miſeries he had brought upon her; but quite the contrary did this Monſter of Mankind behave.

He told her he could not have believed ſhe could have been guilty of ſo much Imprudence, as to quit her Father's Houſe in the Condition ſhe was in, which required a Care that he was afraid ſhe would not meet with in a Place where ſhe was an entire Stranger.

Though greatly confounded at this unexpected Treatment, ſhe had the Preſence of Mind to let him know, ſhe could not think herſelf a Stranger in a Country where her Infant had a Father,

and ſhe ought to have claimed a Huſband.

He ſeemed ſo very little moved with what ſhe ſaid, that he only ſmiled at theſe laſt Words, and with the moſt cutting Indifference ſaid,—" I remember but little, Madam, of any thing " that paſſed between us.—It is poſſible, " that among other Amuſements, I " might take a little Diverſion with " you, but am very poſitive I never " had any ſerious Thoughts of you."

He was about to add ſomething more of Deriſion, when unable to contain the ſtruggling Rage too painfully pent up, ſhe interrupted him by crying out—— " Villain! Can you then deny that you " ſollicited me on honourable Terms; " and that the Shame, and the Miſery " which I now labour under, is owing " but to your deſigning Artifice, and " what indeed may very juſtly be called " a Rape?"

" Did

" Did you not invoke the Gods to
" witneſs that you were my Huſband;
" and that you would joyfully perform
" all the tender Offices that is expected
" from that Name; and that the Ce-
" remony of the Church ſhould autho-
" riſe thoſe Joys you then proteſted
" were in my Power to give?

" But, ſuppoſing I had been leſs vir-
" tuous, and you leſs a Hypocrite;
" were you indebted to my Love alone,
" is this a Retaliation for never-ending
" Shame and Infamy; for abandoning
" the whole World; for going in Pur-
" ſuit of you through Land and Sea;
" for depending on the Strictneſs of
" your Honour for the Preſervation,
" not only of myſelf, but alſo of my
" dear Burden who owes its Being to
" you?"

Perceiving her Indignation growing loud, he fiercely anſwered,—" I know
" nothing of it; and if you perſiſt to
" accuſe me farther, or ever trouble

" me again, I will expoſe you to all " thoſe Puniſhments which are due to " ſuch Women as are ſhameleſs and " wicked enough to attempt to ſtir up " Diſſention between thoſe whom *Hy-* " *men* has united."

It would be abſolutely impoſſible to repreſent what ſhe endured from that Croud of mingled Paſſions, which now all at once invaded her Soul.

Never was Rage, never was Grief, never was Deſpair, accompanied with the moſt poignant Remorſe and Self-Condemnation, more violent than her's.

He needed not to have dreaded her Reproaches, they were now too unintelligible for any to have diſcovered the Secret, had there been ten thouſand Witneſſes of what ſhe ſaid; ſo incoherent and ſo wild was all ſhe ſpoke; yet imagining, that if any ſhould be curious enough to liſten to their Converſation, ſomething might be gathered in this

this Diſtraction, he thruſt her out of Doors, with an unexemplary Barbarity and Rudeneſs; ſaying aloud, as he turned her out,——"You are a mad "Woman to trouble me with your im- "pertinent Stories; I neither know "you, nor the Perſon whom you pre- "tend has injured you."

I will not prolong my Narrative by a Repetition of her Lamentations when alone, and at Liberty to indulge them; you may imagine they were extremely violent and ſuitable to the Occaſion.

But as ſoon as Reaſon had the Power of reſuming her Throne, amidſt this Empire of Confuſion and Deſpair, ſhe began to conſider that her preſent Situation would admit of no Delay:—— Some Care muſt be taken for that approaching dreadful Hour which there was no avoiding.

Some Part of her Jewels which ſhe brought with her, ſhe, therefore, turned

into ready Money, and with all poſſible Speed provided herſelf with a Lodging in the Houſe of a Woman-Midwife, where ſhe continued till the Time of her Delivery.

In ſpite of thoſe Agonies of Mind which had reduced her Body to a perfect Anatomy, ſhe ſafely brought into the World a moſt lovely Babe.

The parental Affection of a Mother, which none but thoſe who really are ſo, can conceive, immediately riſing in her Soul at Sight of this dear Part of herſelf, diſſipated great Part of thoſe Anxieties which had ſo long and ſo terribly preyed upon her Spirits; and had it not been for the Reflection how little ſhe was able to do for one ſhe loved ſo much, her preſent Satisfaction had been equal to her former Miſeries.

Imagining, by the Pleaſure ſhe felt within herſelf, that he who had the ſame Share in the Formation of this ſweet innocent

nocent Creature, muſt alſo be ſenſible of the ſame ſoft and tender Emotions, made her reſolve, that the inhuman *Acaſter* ſhould behold this little dear Reſemblance of himſelf.

She, therefore, invented a Stratagem to draw him to the Houſe where ſhe was, and concealing herſelf in an inner Room, where ſhe, unſeen, could be Witneſs of all that paſſed, heard the Midwife, according to the Directions ſhe had given, acquaint him with the Hiſtory of its Birth, and beg him to take Compaſſion of the helpleſs Infant, which by her Aſſiſtance had juſt come into the World.

Inſtead of receiving this News, as a Man of but common Humanity would have done, he loaded both the Mother and the Child with all the opprobrious Names which Hell-bred Malice could invent;—proteſting, if he could find the Mother, he would ſeverely puniſh her impudent Preſumption, in throwing

on him the Odium of her ſpurious Offſpring; and threatened to make the Woman of the Houſe ſuffer, if ſhe perſiſted either to give them any farther Shelter, or talk any more about it; blaſphemouſly calling all the Powers of Heaven to witneſs, that he never ſaw the Woman before; and that he ſuppoſed her to be a common Proſtitute, who, driven for her Crimes from her native Country, had thought to make a Property of him, hearing, by ſome Means, that he came from the ſame Country.

You will be ſurpriſed, perhaps, that the injured Lady did not immediately quit her Concealment, and with a drawn Dagger, or ſome other mortal Weapon, put a Stop to theſe injurious and ſcandalous Railings.

Heaven would, certainly, have pardoned ſo juſt an Indignation; nor could the Sin of Murder have been imputed to her, had ſhe rid the Earth of ſo abhorred

horred a Monſter, and ſent him groaning to thoſe curſed Fiends below, who had inſpired him with ſuch Cruelty and Baſeneſs.

But, alas! the Power either of clearing or revenging her Innocence, was now taken from her; and before he had departed from the Room, Grief and Wonder had deprived her of her Senſes.

After *Acaſter* had left her, ſhe was found, by the Woman who came in ſearch of her, in a Swoon, which made her appear very little different from thoſe who are about being carried to their eternal Homes.

At firſt, the Landlady believed ſhe was, in reality, dead, and calling her People about her, began to conſult with them what to do with the Child, which being born in her Houſe, and every Way an Orphan, ſhe was by the Laws of the Country obliged to maintain.

The

The Advices ſhe received on this Occaſion were various, and great was her Trouble at the Charge which ſhe imagined ſhe had, unawares, brought upon herſelf.

In the Midſt of this Conſultation, Nature being too ſtrong for the oppoſing Paſſions, reſtored *Lucia* to the Uſe of her Senſes, and baniſhed all the cautious Fears of the Hoſteſs.

But ſo ſtrongly did this Accident work in the Mind of the Midwife, that not knowing but that ſome Time or other, the Misfortune ſhe lately believed herſelf involved in, might fall upon her in good Earneſt, ſhe determined to eaſe her Mind of ſo terrible an Apprehenſion, by obliging the unhappy *Lucia* to quit her Houſe.

This, you may imagine, was a freſh Aggravation of the poor afflicted *Lucia*'s Sorrow; not knowing where to procure a Lodging for herſelf and Infant,

fant, in a Place where ſhe was wholly a Stranger, and where the Magiſtrates are extremely cautious.

She began, therefore, to atteſt her Innocence, and acquainted her with every Particular of her mournful Narrative, and the Cruelty of the falſe *Acaſter*; but what ſhe alledged was a Matter of leſs Moment than ſhe thought it was, to this inexorable Creature, who perceiving there was little more Profit to be gained by her, and fearing that her immoderate Griefs would in a ſhort Time put an End to her Life, and conſequently, by that Means, the Child would be left upon her, had but very ſmall Regard for what her Injuries and Virtues demanded from every thing that had the leaſt Senſe of Humanity, and peremptorily told her ſhe muſt be gone.

It was as much as her Tears and Intreaties could do to prevail on her to ſtay even that one Night; but that Favour being at laſt conſented to, the Manner

Manner in which ſhe paſſed the Hours till Morning may more eaſily be imagined than deſcribed.

A poor antient Woman, who had been her Nurſe during her lying-in, and ſtill continued to lie in her Chamber, being Witneſs of her Agonies, was touched with the greateſt Compaſſion for her, and entreating her to comfort herſelf, acquainted her that ſhe was Miſtreſs of a Houſe, though a very mean one; and that if ſhe would content herſelf to take Refuge there till ſomething better ſhould happen, every thing in it ſhould be at her Service.

Lucia accepted this Offer with as much Joy as her melancholy Affairs would admit, and when Morning arrived, took Leave of that mercenary Woman who had already been ſo conſiderable a Gainer by her, and, had the utmoſt of her Fears came to paſs, ſhe would not have been any Loſer.

The

The Kindneſs of her Nurſe ſhe recompenſed with a Jewel of conſiderable Value, and went with her to the Houſe ſhe told her of; the poor Miſtreſs of it taking all imaginable Care to alleviate her Sorrows, and to render the Meanneſs of her Habitation as little irkſome as poſſible, by preſerving it in a perfect Tranquility and Neatneſs.

She perſuaded *Lucia* to return again to *England*, not for the Reaſons which had induced the Midwife to compel her to quit her Houſe, but becauſe ſhe ſaw no Probability of any Amendment in her Station while ſhe continued there; alledging, that the moſt certain Way to forget *Acaſter*, as well as to live in a Manner more ſuitable to her Rank and Merit, was to return to the Embraces of her Friends.

She alſo offered to accompany and attend her, and to paſs the Remainder of her Days in her Service; and at length ſhe prevailed on her.

They

They have agreed between them not to reveal the Truth of *Lucia*'s Misfortunes, but that ſhe ſhould, after having obtained their Pardon for doing any thing without their Knowledge, tell her Parents, that having been privately married to a Gentleman, whom ſhe feared they would not approve, ſhe had made her Eſcape with him to the *Weſt Indies*, where he died by a ſudden Indiſpoſition, and therefore ſhe ventured, once more, to throw herſelf at their Feet, and implore their Favour and Protection.

This plauſible Story, whether believed or not, will ſave the Confuſion which the Recital of the Reality muſt give both to the Speaker and afflicted Hearers;—and I dare propheſy, by ſome Hints which *Jupiter* let fall the other Day, it will ſerve to reconcile her, both to her Relations and the former Character ſhe bore.

I make

I make no doubt but her Scene of Sorrows will in a ſhort Time paſs over, and a Succeſſion of Happineſs and Bleſſings be her future Portion.

While falſe perfidious *Acaſter*, the Slave of Luſt, ſhall linger out his Days in Diſeaſes and Remorſe; and full of Regret, but incapable of Penitence, grow hateful to the Gods, and avoided and deſpiſed by all good Men.

O may all perfidious Wretches like himſelf never meet a better Fate! that Mortals may be compelled to acknowledge the Folly of all wicked Actions, and that there ſits an inviſible Power above the Clouds, who hears, and will as certainly revenge the Cauſe of the Diſtreſſed and Injured.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The amorous Deity acquaints us with the Adventures of Julia.—*Having but a moderate Share of Charms, ſhe ſhuns all Addreſſes of Love; ſhe is therefore eſteemed exceeding chaſte——but, under Pretence of buying Things at a cheap Rate, ſhe goes without an Equipage in a Hackney Coach to a Theatre of Debauchery—where, notwithſtanding her counterfeit Sanctity to impoſe on the Belief of Mortals, ſhe ſubmits to the moſt unworthy Daliances with any thing, ſo it is but a Man*—Cupid's *Reflections on her Hypocriſy*, &c.

JULIA has but a moderate Share of Charms, but is in Poſſeſſion of more good Senſe and leſs Vanity than the Generality of her Sex.

She does not imagine herſelf more lovely than ſhe is; and being conſcious that ſhe deſerves not the Adorations which ſome

ſome Men would offer her on the Score of her Fortune and Quality, ſhe ſhuns all Addreſſes that bear the Name of Love.

The Gentleman who pretends a Paſſion for her, is ſure to loſe both her Acquaintance and Eſteem—By this Means ſhe has obtained the Character of the ſtricteſt Virtue in the World.

She is looked upon by every body as a Votary to the Goddeſs of Chaſtity, and with ſuch Subtleneſs and Artfulneſs are all her Words and Actions guarded, that ſhe eſcapes the Reputation of a *Prude*, as well as of a *Coquette*; never condemning in another what ſhe ſeems leaſt guilty of herſelf.

But, it is owing to her Pride, that ſhe profeſſes not in Publick the looſe Deſires which ſhe in private gratifies; and to her Cunning that ſhe is no greater a Hypocrite: The firſt would, doubtleſs, leſſen her in the Eſteem of her

her Acquaintance, and the latter would make thoſe of a leſs ſanctified Appearance pry into her Actions, and, perhaps, by that Means, make ſuch Diſcoveries as would be pernicious to her Fame.

As I have told you ſhe avoids all Declarations of Love, you will, perhaps, wonder by what Means ſhe has it in her Power to indulge the Pleaſures of it.

I ſhall, therefore, acquaint you, that there are many Houſes in this great Metropolis, where thoſe who are unwilling to be at the Pains and Fatigue of a long Courtſhip, may be furniſhed either with a public Courtezan or a private Miſtreſs.

Thoſe Places it is ſhe frequents; and leaving her Father's Houſe without any Attendants with her, under Pretence of going to buy Things cheaper than if her Quality were known;—a Chair or Hackney-Coach carries her to ſome of

theſe Theatres of Debauchery; where enquiring if there be any Gentleman who has a Stock of amorous Deſires which lie heavy on his Hands, ſhe is immediately introduced to him; and thus, without hazarding her Reputation, gratifies her Luſt.

The Man that poſſeſſes her under this Character, little imagines who it is he has got in his Arms; and though he may, poſſibly, have ſeen her at Church, at Court, and other public Aſſemblies, cannot believe his Miſtreſs any other than a Woman who has a Reſemblance of that Lady; ſo great a Difference there is between that Behaviour which ſhe aſſumes in Publick, and that which ſhe gives a Looſe to in thoſe private Meetings.

You ſhall hardly find another Example of the fair Sex of ſo monſtrous a Proof of the Want of Nicety; for the Ladies, for the moſt part, look on no Misfortune ſo terrible, as being condemned

demned to the Embraces of the Man they cannot love.

It is morally impoſſible that *Julia* ſhould feel any of that Paſſion which I inſpire, for a Perſon ſhe has never ſeen.

Thoſe unhappy Wretches who ſubmit to ſuch a Manner of Life merely thro' Neceſſity, think it the ſevereſt Fate which could befall them; yet does *Julia*, indulging only what can be called a brutal Appetite, and throwing not only Modeſty aſide, but every other Virtue which adorns the Sex, proſtitute herſelf to the Embraces of each lewd Libertine ſhe meets, without Regard to his Deformities or Beauties.

If he is but a Man, it is ſufficient—She is ſatisfied with that; and would look on it as a Curſe, rather than a Bleſſing, to find one poſſeſſed of Perfections ſuch as would make her wiſh a ſecond Enjoyment; becauſe ſhe knows not then how far ſuch a Liking might

tranſport

tranſport her to Tenderneſſes and Follies, (as ſhe terms all the Effects of my Influence) which might occaſion two Misfortunes equally terrible, a Diſcovery of her real Quality, and an Impoſſibility of being ſo completely bleſſed in thoſe promiſcuous Raptures ſhe now ſo much delights in.

O Mortals, who could think it of this Woman?——Who would imagine that ſtately Air of Pride and Haughtineſs could ſubmit to Dalliances ſo unworthy and ſo ſcandalouſly mean and wicked!

That extreme Delicacy, which wears a Bluſh at the bare mention of an obſcene Word, may be ſubverted to endure, nay, to practiſe the moſt impudent Behaviour!

How ſeldom is the Face and Tongue the Index of the Mind!——How does her counterfeited Sanctity of Manners impoſe on the Belief of Mortals!——

And

And how is Heaven affronted by her Prayers!

The chaſte *Diana*, whoſe Votary ſhe endeavours to make the World believe ſhe is, yet whoſe Influence ſhe, in her Soul, diſdains, is continually imploring Vengeance on her.

It is not in my Power to judge how long great *Jupiter* will continue deaf to her Sollicitations; but, doubtleſs, ſhe will in Time prevail with him to force, by ſome unexpected, ſome reſiſtleſs Woe, the bold Prophaner to profeſs her Shame, renounce the Hypocriſy which has ſo long deceived Mankind; and in the bittereſt Agonies of Remorſe and Diſtraction, confeſs her Crimes, and own the prompting Demon of her fallacious Wiſhes.

O Mortals! unworthy of ſuch heavenly Goodneſs which *Jupiter* affords. ——Divine Compaſſion mourns the Ills your Sins bring on you; yet hardened in Impiety, you deſpiſe the Grace and dare the Puniſhment.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The little Deity reflects on the Iniquities of Mortals.—He relates an Instance of a Lady who was insensible of his Influence. —Isabella *was married very young to* Adrastus—*She returns his Tenderness with Coldness and Contempt;—she acts in every thing the reverse of his Desires.—Though she is insensible of Love, she was inspired with a worse Passion, and yielded to an Action of Guilt—By the Advice of his Friends, he procures a Separation—She lives a considerable Time with a Lawyer—She leaves him for another, by whom she happens to have a Child; and because* Adrastus *made her a Visit to endeavour to reform her, she pretends the Child is his, and has commenced a Suit in Law to prove that it is Heir to his immense Fortune,* &c.

HAVING paused a little on the shameful Deeds I have been re-

hearſing, ſuffer me to make ſome ſeaſonable Reflections.

How hardened are all Mortals in Iniquity!——There is not one among them, but either through Inclination, Intereſt, or Example, ſwerves from my Laws, and turns the once adored Power of *Cupid* into Scorn.

The pretending Youth no ſooner obtains his Wiſhes of the too yielding Fair, than he deſpiſes and abandons her to Shame and Ruin.

The wedded Woman grown tired with lawful Joys, ſeeks to regale her decayed Deſire with Variety.

In ſhort, Inconſtancy is become a Faſhion; and to be faithful and juſt, is to be accounted ridiculous, and of a Humour obſolete and out of Faſhion.

The Name of Love is only quoted in their Words of Courtſhip; my Influence

fluence has no Power over their Actions; I am not conſulted in their Deſigns, nor do I light the Torch of *Hymen* at their Marriages.

Thoſe very few who ſeem to worſhip me with their Mouths, deſpiſe, or at beſt, have but a very mean Opinion of me in their Hearts.

Even the ſofter Sex, imitating the vitious Example of the other, think they have the moſt Wiſdom when they are the leaſt under my Guidance, and grow vain on being inſenſible of my Influence.

I will give you an Inſtance of it, ſuch as will, probably, aſtoniſh you.

A young Beauty, the only Daughter of a Gentleman of Family and Fortune, was married at an Age too early to boaſt a very diſtinguiſhing Capacity, to a Gentleman who was very deſerving of a Lady of equal Fortune and Accom-

 pliſhments,

pliſhments, and a much ſuperior Senſe of what was really valuable, than ſhe who fell to his Lot was Miſtreſs of.

But, as Tenderneſs is always partial —he loved her, and could ſee no Want of Merit in her.

Never was a Man endued with more interior Virtues, or formed with a greater Share of perſonal Perfections.

The moſt amiable Maid might have gloried in the Preference he gave her, and thought the Title of his Wife a Pride more to be envied than the greateſt Advantages of Honour and Fortune.

Iſabella (for that is the Name of the unhappy Subject of this Hiſtory) had the Misfortune to be born under Planets which rendered all the Happineſs the Gods deſigned for her quite ineffectual.

She

She is of a Diſpoſition to make herſelf unhappy amidſt the moſt proſpe- Circumſtances.

Never did any Woman ſet out with a Proſpect of a better Fate, nor had greater Opportunities of rendering herſelf an Object rather of Envy than Contempt; and yet never any Woman became more deſpicable, and more wretched than ſhe in the Space of a very few Years.

Valuing herſelf in that Character of Inſenſibility, ſhe took a Pleaſure in returning thoſe Devoirs her obliging Huſband paid her with a ſullen Coldneſs; affecting, before all Company, rather to ſeem offended than the contrary, at the obliging Proofs he gave her of his Paſſion, yet behaving herſelf with all the Gaiety and Gallantry imaginable to every other Perſon, who ſeemed deſirous of engaging her in Converſation.

Lond did *Adraſtus* (for ſo the Gentleman was called) in Conſideration of her Youth, over-look theſe Faults; but finding ſhe ſtill perſevered in them, and that her Diſpoſition was naturally inclined to Coquettry, he ventured, tho' with the utmoſt Mildneſs, to reprimand her, and to perſuade her with all the gentle Arguments he could think of, that ſuch a Conduct would, in Time, render her liable to a great Deal of Cenſure, and alſo make both their Lives very unhappy.

But, alas! to adviſe her, was like throwing Water againſt the Wind—— Vain and conceited of her own imagined Wit, ſhe could not bear Controul; and to ſhew that ſhe knew beſt what was becoming her to do, acted in every Thing the reverſe of his Deſires; if ſhe was before coy and reſerved in her Behaviour to him, ſhe now grew contradictory, peeviſh, and ſullen.

If he had before diſapproved of her converſing with ſome Perſons of ill Character, he now had great Reaſon to regret his Inability to oblige her to keep any other Society than ſuch as thoſe.

In ſhort, ſhe ſtudied nothing ſo much as how to make her Huſband wretched, nor ever ſo much as wore a pleaſant Countenance in his Preſence; and when ſhe ſaw him, with Indifference, torn and diſtracted with inward Agonies, which ſhe knew herſelf the only Cauſe of;—yet ſtill had he a Tenderneſs for her, and was ſtill in Hopes of reclaiming her ſome Time or other.

Adraſtus perceiving that his own Inſtructions and Admonitions only ſerved to make her the more refractory, he complained to her Mother, and entreated her to make uſe of her parental Authority, to oblige her to have ſome Regard for her own Reputation, at leaſt, if ſhe had none for his Satisfaction and Repoſe.

The ſorrowful old Gentlewoman did all that was in her Power, but to no Purpoſe; for, to her great Trouble, ſhe ſoon found that her Daughter thought herſelf the wiſer Perſon, and that ſhe muſt not perſiſt in giving her Council, if ſhe would have the other perſiſt in treating her as a Mother.

In a ſhort Time, her Conduct grew the Ridicule of the whole Town; and before ſhe had, in Reality, been guilty of one Intrigue, ſhe gave Occaſion to be ſuſpected of a great Number.

But, it was not long before ſhe became as criminal in Action, as ſhe was in Appearance; and though ſhe ſtill maintained her Character of Inſenſibility of the ſoft Deſires which I inſpire, yet ſhe did not of a worſe Paſſion.

She yielded to thoſe Actions, for which I, only, am an Excuſe, without being compelled to it by my Influence;

fluence; but merely for the Sake of complying with the Company ſhe kept.

There were two Monſters of her Sex who were her greateſt Intimates; and there was not a Scene of Lewdneſs practiſed at either of their Houſes in which the abandoned *Iſabella* did not bear a Part.

Impaired in his Circumſtances, diſtracted in his Mind, and in daily Terror of being ruined in his Health, did this wretched Huſband, *Adraſtus*, linger out ſome Years; but Things growing worſe and worſe every Day, and not the leaſt Glimpſe of a Hope that ſhe ſhould be prevailed on to ſee her Errors, at leaſt till ſome irretrievable Miſchief ſhould oblige her to it, he, at length, conſented to the Remonſtrances of his Friends, and rid his Houſe and Bed of ſo deſtructive a Viper.

Iſabella thought Liberty ſo great a Bleſſing, that ſhe could never have too

much of it, and therefore did not oppoſe the Separation.

She did not conſider, that the Maintenance, which ſhe would be allowed by Law, would be infinitely ſhort of the Expences which ſhe had been at in the Purſuit of her criminal Pleaſure while with her Huſband.

She thought of nothing elſe but how to paſs away her Time in a Manner the moſt agreeable to her Inclinations.

As there were Proofs ſufficient for a Divorce, his Relations were very deſirous of carrying it to that Point; but there was ſtill ſo great a Tenderneſs remaining in his Soul, that he could not conſent to have her expoſed in a public Court of Judicature; and beſides (tho' it was a Weakneſs he was aſhamed to acknowledge) in ſecret, he fed his fond Wiſhes with a flattering Hope, that ſhe would one Day ſee her Error, and return

turn a welcome Penitent to his Embraces.

He, therefore, could not consent to an Act which must for ever separate them, and leave her the unlimited Freedom of giving herself wholly to another.

Never was Constancy, never was Affection carried to a greater Pitch than his; and never did ungrateful Woman return it with more Scorn, and more Insolence, than did this ungrateful Fair.

Despising Shame, she lived for several Years in a public Manner, with a Gentleman of considerable Eminence in the Law; but the natural Levity and Inconstancy of her Humour working its usual Effects in her fickle Soul, she quitted him for a Gentleman who had not any other Accomplishment or Charm than what Novelty afforded to countenance her making Choice of him.

He

He remained for ſome Time the Maſter of her Wiſhes, but Chance introducing to her Acquaintance a young Man of a tolerable Perſon, and an extraordinary Aſſurance, ſhe was by him no ſooner woo'd than won.

He was the firſt who had the Power of fixing that uncertain Heart, and by a kind of arbitrary and tyrannick Behaviour, made her know ſhe was now entered into a Servitude, which ſhe would not find it eaſy to be freed from.

This Gentleman having little or no Dependence of his own, he thought it prudent to live entirely with a Woman who had ſo handſome an Allowance as that which the criminal Tenderneſs of her Huſband obliged him to make her.

Being now a Slave to a Paſſion ſhe had uſed only to inſpire, ſhe durſt do no other than comply with the Deſires of this ſelf-intereſted *Enamorato*.

The

The fine, airy, gay *Iſabella* ſoon degenerated to a tame Houſhold Drudge, being compelled by the Neceſſities to which his Expences abroad reduced her, to live without a Servant, and to perform, herſelf, all thoſe ſervile Offices which the meaneſt Domeſtic is paid Wages for.

Now the once nice *Iſabella*, who formerly could not ſtir to the next Door without her Chair, and thought the moſt gentle Breath of Air too rude to blow upon her, goes on Foot, expoſed to all the Fury of each deſtructive Element.

That Skin which was once ſoft and lovely, is now ſo parched with bleak Winds, and tanned with Summer's Scorchings, as ſcarcely to be known for what it was.

That commanding Air and haughty Mien, which was wont to ſtrike an humble Reverence in the Hearts of the Beholders,

Beholders, is now changed for one poor, dejected, and deſpicable.

The Luſtre of thoſe once radiant Eyes is now extinct in Tears——Each Soul-alluring Grace, each captivating Feature, worn out and quite deſtroyed with Fatigue, retains no Reſemblance of that admired Face which lately raiſed Deſire to the higheſt Pitch.

Shunn'd by all the Virtuous and the Wiſe, and ſcorned by the Slaves who worſhipped her before, hating the Light, and by her Wretchedneſs compelled to public View, unpitied and unfriended, does ſhe wander, the moſt forlorn, abandoned Wretch on Earth.

The Villain, for whoſe Sake ſhe is become this Wretch, to make the Sum of her tranſcendent Woes complete, inſults and triumphs over her Miſery.

All the inexpreſſible Hardſhips of the Day, inſtead of Love, the Night re-pays with Scoffs, Blows, and Deriſions.

Many

Many Times has he invented ſome Pretence for Quarrel, and denied her Acceſs to his Bed.

Her week enfeebled Limbs have, Night after Night, been reclined on the hard comfortleſs Ground; while free from Pity, or from any Senſe of her Anguiſh, he has, ſecurely, ſnored away the tedious Hours, which ſhe has paſſed in Tears and fruitleſs Exclamations on her own Folly and his inhuman Nature.

Aſhamed, and conſcious of her Meanneſs of Spirit for enduring ſuch Treatment, ſhe concealed it, as much as poſſible, from the World, ſtill laying the Blame of all her Actions on the Gratitude of her Temper for the prodigious Tenderneſs with which he loved her.

But, alas! how few there are who give Credit to ſuch Declarations; the Diſpoſition both of *Iſabella* and her Lover,

Lover, are too well known for ſuch a Suppoſition.

Her abominable Behaviour to one of the moſt excellent of Huſbands, ſufficiently teſtified how little ſhe is capable of being ſwayed by Gratitude, and the ſullen Churliſhneſs of the other's Manner of Converſation to all People, renders it impoſſible for any who know him, to believe that Tenderneſs has any Place in a Mind ſo rough and unpoliſhed.

The Hiſtory of *Iſabella*'s Calamities reached her Huſband's Ears, who, in Spite of all her glaring Crimes, could not hear ſhe was in ſo miſerable a Condition without the ſofteſt Compaſſion; which kindling up afreſh the long ſmothered Glowings of his enamoured Heart, brought him, in a ſhort Time, to a Reſolution of forgiving all the Crimes that ſhe had committed againſt him.

To that Purpoſe he made her a Viſit, bemoaned thoſe Misfortunes which were too obvious for her to pretend to conceal; he upbraided not the Injuſtice of her Conduct which had brought them on her, but with an unparalled Generoſity and Affection, offered to relieve her from them, to ſnatch her from that Gulph of Sorrows in which ſhe had plunged herſelf, to raiſe her from inevitable Ruin; and, in fine, to reſtore her to that envy'd Place ſhe had before poſſeſſed in his Houſe, his Bed, and Heart.

So far was he from ſeeming to remember ſhe ever had been faulty, that he proteſted to her in this forlorn and abject State, ſhe appeared as lovely, and was as dear to him as ever, and conjured and entreated her with all the tender Importunities of fond endearing Love, to make him and herſelf happy.

But *Iſabella* was deſtined by her ill Stars to Miſery and Deſtruction; ſhe had

had not the Power of accepting of theſe Propoſals.

And as her iron Soul remained obdurate and untouched with this the ſublimeſt Proof of an unalterable Paſſion that, perhaps, any Man in the World ever gave to a Wife in her Circumſtances, ſo was her Carriage to him cold and indifferent.

As ſhe had ſome good Breeding, it was impoſſible for her to liſten to Terms which ſhe could not avoid confeſſing, were greatly advantageous, without making ſome Retribution; but the Thanks ſhe returned were uttered in ſo careleſs a Manner, that it was eaſy for him to perceive ſhe had rather he had ſpared her the Pains, and that there was not the leaſt Alteration in her Sentiments in favour of him.

He ſtill continued, however, to preſs her to reflect more ſeriouſly on the Difference of her reduced Condition from that

that to which ſhe has born, or that which his Love now offered her; but ſhe ſtill appeared inſenſible.

At laſt, ſhe plainly told him, that ſhe preferred the Manner of Life ſhe now enjoyed, before a Palace with any other Man; and told him, that if he intended to oblige her, he could do it by no other Means than his Abſence; for that was the only Proof of Kindneſs ſhe would ever conſent to receive from him.

It is difficult to ſay whether Grief or Amazement had the greateſt Share in his Soul at ſo unexpected a Repulſe!

A juſt Reſentment made him conceal the former, as much as poſſible, from the Obſervation of the ungrateful Woman who had occaſioned it; but certain it is, that never did any Man endure fiercer or more terrible Convulſions of Mind than did this too indulgent, too relenting Huſband.

But

But now, aſtoniſhed Mortals! now comes the blackeſt and moſt deteſtable Scene of her whole Character.

Perceiving herſelf, ſoon after, to be with Child, ſhe took the Opportunity, (by the Inſtigation of that Wretch with whom ſhe lives, and who is the real Father) of the Viſit her Huſband had made her, to oblige him to acknowledge it as his own, and to ſummon him before a Court of Juſtice, in order to compel him to do it; endeavouring, by this Means, to make that little Product of her unlawful Paſſion be declared legitimate, and Heir of the vaſt Poſſeſſions that unhappy Gentleman, *Adraſtus*, enjoys.

Now does he begin to regret his curſed ill-placed Tenderneſs!—He is ready to curſe the Unſeaſonableneſs of his Relentings, and the Motives which induced him to reject the Advices of his Friends; who, from her firſt-known Tranſgreſſion, had never left ſolliciting him

him to be divorced from her by a Form of Law, which would have rendered it impracticable for them to have put this Impoſition on him.

His well-known Affection, and acknowledged Perſeverance of his Deſires towards her, have made the Judge, appointed for the Determination of this Affair, extremely divided in his Opinion.

Sometimes he fears to give Judgment againſt the Infant, leſt, in an unguarded Moment, the Huſband, forgetful of his Wrongs, and wholly following the Dictates of his Paſſion, had really been the Author of its Being.

Sometimes he is as ſcrupulous of doing an Injury to the Kindred of that Gentleman, by defrauding them of their Inheritance, in Favour of a ſpurious Offſpring,

How

How to determine the Affair, he knows not——It is a very nice Point, and requires, indeed, more than human Penetration to diſcern the Certainty.

Be thou the Umpire, O divineſt *Jupiter*, and by ſome ungueſs'd-at Means, diſcover the Truth, and diſappoint the falſe adulterous *Iſabella* of her wicked Aim.

Suffer the noble and virtuous Progeny, whoſe Right it is, to ſucceed! and ſuffer not the baſe-born Iſſue of the vileſt Parents to triumph in the Ruin of one of the beſt and moſt illuſtrious Families in the Kingdom.

The Matter has been in Debate for ſome Years. Affidavits and other Circumſtances are ſo ſtrong on both Sides, that Judgment trembles to favour either Side; but ſomething tells me the difficult Deciſion will be ſhortly made in Favour of the Right; and the Hopes which *Iſabella* and her Minion have flattered

tered themſelves with, will be loſt in Air.

Inſtead of rioting in the Poſſeſſions of another, as ſhe vainly expected, even that Subſiſtence which ſhe now enjoys, ſhall be taken away, and the extremeſt Penury and Want be the Portion of the extremeſt Baſeneſs.

The Decrees of *Fate* are as juſt, as the Means by which they are brought about are unfathomable.

The Offender himſelf is generally the Puniſher of his own Tranſgreſſions; and when he moſt thinks to evade the Stroke of Juſtice, he brings it upon himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Love-inſpiring Deity relates the Hiſtory of Sir James Baronius, *who, in order to defraud a Tradeſman of a juſt Debt, employed his Artifice to perſuade the Tradeſman's Wife, who brought the Bill, and her Huſband's Acquittance, to commit herſelf to his Care, and reſide in private Lodgings—She conſents, and gives him the Acquittance;—the Huſband coming afterwards to demand the Money and enquire after his Wife, is ſhewn the Acquittance, and commanded to be gone.——The Huſband takes it ſo much to Heart that he declines Buſineſs and goes abroad.—Sir* James *then deſerts her;——ſhe becomes ill with Regret, and dies in a common* Hoſpital.

SIR *James Baronius* is a Gentleman who contracts Debts with as many as will give him Credit, and has more undone Tradeſmen at his Levee, than a Prime Miniſter of State has of petitioning

tioning Courtiers; and, indeed, generally diſpatches them after the ſame Method;—a Bow, a Smile, and a verbal Promiſe of what he never intends to perform, keeps Expectation warm, and ſends the poor deluded Wretches home well ſatisfied.

Among the reſt, the Wife of a certain Laceman was ſent by her Huſband to ſolicit the Payment of a Debt, which had been long due, and was pretty conſiderable.

The Baronet, who, though far from any amorous Inclinations, knows how to feign them as well as any Man living, and is alſo very well acquainted with Nature, diſcovered ſomething in the Eyes of this pretty Citizen, which made him imagine an amorous Offer would not be diſagreeable.

Therefore, ſeeing her one Morning waiting in the Hall, he diſmiſſed the reſt of his Creditors as ſoon as poſſible,

and ordered his Gentleman to bid her ſtay, aſſuring her, that ſhe ſhould have a ſatisfactory Anſwer before ſhe went away.

The Citizen's Wife being over-joyed, and fully expecting ſhe ſhould carry home the Sum, waited with the utmoſt Pleaſure till the Room was entirely empty; then ſeeing Sir *James* approach, went towards him with an humbly Court'ſy, and was going to return him Thanks for the particular Favour he ſhew'd to her, when he prevented her from ſpeaking, by telling her, that he had Buſineſs with her of a different Nature than ſhe imagined.

He then began to praiſe her pretty Neck and Breaſt, ſaying,——" It is a " pity ſo fine Creature as you ſhould " be the Wife of a Tradeſman—*Na-* " *ture*, when ſhe form'd a Face and " Shape ſo lovely, certainly deſigned " them to grace the Arms of a Man

" of

" of Quality, and not to be buried in
" Obſcurity behind the Counter.

" How happened it, *continued he*,
" that you could be ſo blind to your
" own Excellencies, as to throw away
" ſuch delicate Charms?——I dare af-
" firm, you have had it in your Power
" to have ſhone in a Coach and Six."

The reigning Foible of the Fair Sex, Vanity, which even the ſimpleſt and moſt inferior of them have ſome Share of, made her ſo tranſported at theſe fine Compliments from a Man of his Quality, and not in the leaſt doubting but that ſhe merited them all——" Indeed, " Sir," (anſwered ſhe) putting her Hand before her Face, " I was an in-
" nocent young Girl when my Huſ-
" band married me, and had always
" lived in the Country; where you
" know, Sir, they have not the leaſt
" Notion of what is elegant——Upon
" my Word, Sir *James*, were it to do

 " again,

" again, I ſhould chooſe better for my-
" ſelf."

" It is not too late now, *reſumed he*,
" to make your Fortune——It is very
" evident you were betrayed into this
" Match by your Ignorance of your
" own Merit—It is in your Power to
" retrieve all yet, if you will but be
" adviſed."

" O dear, Sir, *cried ſhe*, you do me
" too much Honour——a poor Wo-
" man, ſuch as I am, is altogether un-
" able to return ſuch Goodneſs."

A Perſon of much leſs Penetration than Sir *James* might eaſily have perceived his Work was done; there was ſo much aukward Extacy in her Behaviour at the Condeſcenſions he had made her, that he preſently found he had no great Occaſion for farther Courtſhip.

Therefore, after having told her two or three Times over, that ſhe was the fineſt Woman

Woman he ever beheld, and that he was fallen violently in Love with her, he entreated her to go up Stairs with him to ſee his Houſe.

Any Favour offered her by a Perſon of his Quality, ſhe thought it would have been an Argument of ill-breeding to refuſe, and therefore gave him her Hand without any Scruple or Heſitation.

He conducted her through many ſtately Rooms, where her Eyes, unuſed to Grandeur, were almoſt dazzled with the Magnificence of the Furniture; but that which ſeemed to take her Fancy moſt, was a rich embroidered Bed, where little Silver *Cupids* were repreſented on a Ground of blue Velvet, each armed with golden Arrows aim'd at Hearts; which every where ſeemed careleſsly ſtrew'd up and down.

A naked *Venus* was figured on the Quilt ſo curious and lively, that it ra-

ther appeared to be the Workmanſhip of the Pencil than the Needle.

Thoſe Parts which Decency forbids to be expoſed, were ſhaded with a little Scarf, which rendered it no Breach of Modeſty for the pretty Citizen to gaze upon it, and admire the prodigious Reſemblance which the ſkilful Mixture of the Colours had to Life.

" It is, certainly, a fine Piece of " Work," ſaid Sir *James*; " and ſince " I have taken Notice of your Charms, " has given me infinite Pleaſure in be- " holding;—I never look at it without " flattering my Imagination that I have " you before me.

" There is, *continued he*, ſo vaſt a " Likeneſs between you and this Por- " traiture, that had you ever been in " the Country where it was made, I " ſhould believe the Embroidereſs had " you in her Mind; only with this " Difference, that Art cannot come up

" to

" to Nature ſo far as to preſent us with " any more than one Air of Beauty at " a Time.

" Thoſe various Motions of the Fea- " tures, thoſe dimpling Smiles, and in- " expreſſible Graces which play about " your Eyes and Mouth, whenever you " do but ſpeak, or move your Head, " in nothing but the living Object can " appear."

In this wheedling Manner did he run on for a conſiderable Time, till all her Senſes became quite drunk and giddy with the intoxicating Flattery.

At length, having wrought her to his Purpoſe, he told her ſhe muſt give him leave to compare her, and the beautiful Reſemblance a little cloſer; and throwing her on the Bed cloſe by it, with very little Reſiſtance, compleated the Deſign to which all theſe fine Words had been the Prologue.

The *Citizen* was raiſed to the higheſt Pitch of Felicity, in having it in her Power to pleaſe a Man of his Quality.

She thought of her Huſband and Family at home with the utmoſt Contempt, and could not forbear telling Sir *James*, that ſhe ſhould never endure to lie in the Arms of that plodding Hog again, much leſs to ſit behind a Counter, and practiſe that odious Cant which Shop-keepers are obliged to make uſe of to pleaſe their Cuſtomers.

This was the very Point which he all along aim'd at, much more than the Gratification of any amorous Inclinations; and claſping her in his Arms with hypocritical Tenderneſs, cried out in an amorous Tone,——"Indeed you "ſhall never go from me;—I can never "conſent to ſhare ſuch a Treaſure as "you are with a Creature of your Huſ-"band's mechanic Stamp.—But, *con-*"*tined he*, to take you into my Houſe "immediately would make too great a

"Noiſe

" Noiſe in the World, and in all Pro-
" bability ſome People might put it in-
" to his Head to have Recourſe to
" Law againſt us both, therefore you
" ſhall remain in private Lodgings,
" which I ſhall take care to provide
" for you till the Impetuoſity of the
" Storm is over.

" I muſt alſo have that Receipt
" which he ſent by you for the Pay-
" ment of the Sum I owe you, that
" when he comes (as doubtleſs he will
" after miſſing you) I can aſſure him
" I have diſcharged the Debt, and
" know nothing more of you, and at
" the ſame Time ſhew him my Ac-
" quittance.

" There will be a treble Advantage,
" *added this baſe Baronet*, in proceeding
" thus—For, in the firſt Place, having
" no farther Demands on me, he can
" have no Manner of Excuſe for com-
" ing to my Houſe, and making any

" Diſcoveries to prejudice you and my-
" ſelf.

" In the next Place, he will, doubt-
" leſs, imagine you are retired with
" ſome favourite Gallant, and by en-
" gaging his Search for you in Places
" where you are not, keep him from
" any Thoughts of looking for you
" where you are.

" And laſtly, that Sum of Money
" will be of very great Service to you
" to buy you ſome Jewels and other
" Ornaments, which your extraordi-
" nary Beauty merits; and which, in-
" deed, I cannot at this preſent Time
" purchaſe."

She ſwallowed this Bait as eagerly as he could wiſh:—She immediately gave him up her Huſband's Acquittance for the Debt, and thought his Propoſition extremely neceſſary and obliging.

Sir

Sir *James* being overjoyed that he had ſaved himſelf ſo much Money, ſent his Gentleman, who was his Confidant in every Thing, to put her into a private Lodging.

She being thus diſpatched, when the Huſband came, as, being ſurprized at his Wife's long Stay, he did ſoon after to enquire for her—" Indeed, Sir," *ſaid* " *Sir* James, I am amazed you ſhould " come here to enquire for her!——I " have paid her the Money according " to your Deſire, and have received " your Diſcharge for it.—I deſire you " will trouble me no more with your " impertinent Demands."

The poor unfortunate Man ran to every Place he could think of in ſearch of her; but, alaſs! ſhe was too carefully concealed: And the Grief that ſeized him at having been thus abuſed by a Woman in whom he had placed ſo much Confidence, together with the Loſs of the Money (which was, indeed,

a conſiderable Sum to him, not being much leſs than Five Hundred Pounds) rendered him incapable of following his Buſineſs.

In a very ſhort Time he broke; and to avoid the Perſecution of ſome mercileſs Creditors, was obliged to go abroad; and in ſome other Country ſeek that Subſiſtence which was denied him here.

Sir *James*, who from Time to Time had Intelligence of what paſſed in the Houſe of this unhappy Man, being informed that he was gone, had nothing now to fear; and inſtead of taking home the deluded Wife, or paying her the Money, as he had promiſed, ſaid to her——"Madam, you muſt think of "providing for yourſelf; for the Af- "fair being blown, it is not conſiſtent "with my Character to entertain any "Woman in the Manner I firſt de- "ſigned to entertain you; and much "leſs

" leſs is it in my Power to ſupport you
" in Lodgings.

" Whatever Opinion the World may
" have of my Eſtate, it has been ſo
" much embezzled by my Expences,
" that I muſt be obliged to live in a
" more frugal Manner for the future;
" and by that Means endeavour to re-
" trieve both my Reputation and Cir-
" cumſtances."

Judge what this poor unhappy Wretch muſt endure at a Declaration ſo fatal to her Hopes, and all thoſe golden Expectations his Inſinuations and her own Vanity had flattered her with.

She could not imagine, at firſt, that he had made this Speech for any other Purpoſe than to try her Temper; and when he again confirmed what he had ſaid, ſcarce could ſhe believe her Ears, and thought there was a greater Probability that her own Senſes ſhould deceive her, than that he had done ſo.

At

At laſt, being too cruelly convinced that all her Proſpect of Happineſs had been but fictitious, and that there was really no Remedy for her Misfortunes, ſhe became all Fury, threatened to expoſe him, and to publiſh the whole Story in the public News-papers; but he, only laughing at her Rage, told her, that being a Man of Quality, he had always the Means of puniſhing thoſe that reviled him, whether with Reaſon or not.

She, therefore, began to conſider, that ſhe ſhould but ſubject herſelf to public Scorn, and that Pity ſhe ſhould meet would hardly compenſate for the Infamy; and growing more calm, intreated he would let her have ſome Part of the Money of which he had defrauded her, aſſuring him, ſhe would retire with it into ſome remote Place, and ſet up ſome little Buſineſs, which, if induſtriouſly followed, would prevent her from having the Occaſion of troubling him any more.

But,

But, all her Indignation and Perſuaſions were quite ineffectual to obtain from him the ſmalleſt Pittance, to ſupport her in the Calamities to which ſhe was falling.

Growing clamorous and importunate, he ordered ſhe ſhould be turned out of the Houſe where ſhe had lodged;—— the People who reſided in it being wholly at his Devotion, performed the cruel Injunction; and never did any Woman endure more ſevere Hardſhips than did this poor undone deluded Citizen.

Shame hindered her from ſolliciting Relief from her own Relations, and Remorſe and Guilt from thoſe of her unfortunate Huſband.

In the moſt miſerable Condition that Fancy can frame, did ſhe wander, till almoſt ready to periſh for Food, ſhe joyfully accepted of a mean Service; where

where that Vanity which had been her Ruin, was mortified with hard Labour, coarſe Fare, and exceeding rough Uſage.

As her Conſtitution was none of the ſtrongeſt, and much weakened by the inward Griefs ſhe endured, ſhe fell into a violent Fit of Sickneſs: She was removed from her Maſter's Houſe into a common Hoſpital, where in a few Days ſhe died.

All this Time, Sir *James* was not inſenſible of great Part of her Sufferings, yet he never ſent her the leaſt Support, nor any Perſon to conſole or adviſe her, which he might have done without leſſening his Purſe, or hurting his Reputation; but he rather rejoiced to hear the Miſeries ſhe laboured under, becauſe he hoped they would ſoon ſend her from the World; he did not fear the Puniſhments which, ſooner or later, are always inflicted on Ingratitude, but defied

the

the eternal Scourge of dire avenging *Nemeſis*.

O Mortals! what horrid Crimes are committed under Pretence of my Influence.

I do not relate theſe Adventures for your Amuſement; but to repreſent *Sin* in its native Deformity is the moſt certain Method to oblige you to love Virtue:———For Example has infinitely more Power than Precept to ſway the Mind of Man either to Good or Evil.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

He relates the Hiſtory of Pelferus, *who keeps three Gaming-Houſes, by Deputies who take the Odium upon themſelves for a particular Salary, he appearing only as a Cuſtomer:——His beſtial Fires of Luſt though very great, his Avarice forbids him to purchaſe it; he therefore has entered into a League with ſome old Procureſſes to grant him his Satisfaction* gratis, *whenever he can draw any Gentleman in for a conſiderable Sum.——He invokes the Gods for Curſes on him.*

PELFERUS has Abundance of Gravity in his Countenance, but the World contains not a greater Hypocrite.

Others may conceal ſome Vices which they have, and diſſemble Virtues which they have not; but he in every Thing is the reverſe of what he ſeems; and ſo

ſkilful

ſkilful is he in the Art of Feigning, that even thoſe who ſuffer by his Deceits, can hardly be ſenſible that they are indebted to him for their Misfortunes.

There are three Houſes where all Sorts of Gaming is allowed, kept by Creatures of his; who, for a ſmall Salary from him, take the Odium of the Affair on themſelves, while he privately riots in the Profit.

Under Colour of being no otherways concerned than as a Cuſtomer, he has the Opportunity, unſuſpected, to draw in a great Number of young Heirs to play at one or other of them; and under Pretence of loſing greater Sums himſelf, and being equally a Sufferer, prevents them from complaining of their ill Fate, or borrowing any Money from him.

Pecunia, being the only Goddeſs he in reality adores, he ſpares no Pains to court

court her Favour, and though no Man appears more devout in the Temple of *Jupiter*, nor offers up his Prayers with greater ſeeming Fervency, yet in his Soul does he ſcorn his Influence, and only waits for an Opportunity to ſnatch the Golden Image from off the Pedeſtal on which it ſtands, and coin it into Money.

So much for the Avarice of *Pelferus*, which has not been the Occaſion of more Ruin to thoſe of his own Sex, than another equally deteſtable Vice has been to the fairer Specie, though he has now arrived to an Age in which Deſire in moſt Men ebbs, and exhauſted Nature no longer feeds the expiring Lamp of Paſſion; yet do the beſtial Fires of Luſt ſtill unextinguiſhed glow within his Boſom, and thrill his withered Veins with eager Longings.

But as Covetuouſneſs, the darling Faculty of his ſordid Soul, forbids him to purchaſe Love, and being juſtly conſcious

ſcious of his own Defects, render him hopeleſs of obtaining any Favours from the Fair, as merely the Reward of Aſſiduity, he has Recourſe to the moſt cruel and abhorred Means to ſatiate his Wiſhes.

This wretched Age abounds with Numbers of Women, who having paſſed their Youth in Lewdneſs and Debauchery, make it their Buſineſs in declining Years to ſeduce others to that ſhameful Trade by which themſelves were firſt undone, and then dragg'd on a Life of Miſery and Wickedneſs.

For this infamous Purpoſe do they haunt the common Inns, where, every Day, young Country Girls are brought to this populous City to ſeek for Services.

With pretended Kindneſſes theſe Mortals eaſily perſuade the unexperienced Girls to go home with them, where, for

for a trifling Sum of Money, they are expoſed and ſacrificed to the firſt Purchaſer of their Youth and Bloom.

It is with ſuch Wretches as theſe that old Leacher, *Pelferus*, is in League; and becauſe he grudges the ſmalleſt Expence even to obtain the Pleaſure he moſt longs for, he never hears of one of theſe unhappy Victims of Debauchery but he applies to ſome of his Acquaintance who practiſe leſs Frugality, and by drawing him in for a pretty conſiderable Sum, makes an Agreement with the Procureſs to have his own Satisfaction *gratis*.

O ye immortal Gods! pour down Afflictions on his hoary Head, and let him ever burn with Avarice and Luſt, without the Power of gratifying either!

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The Soul-diſſolving Deity relates the Hiſtory of Eliza, *who being diſappointed in her firſt Love, marries an old rich Gentleman;—conſcious of the Diſproportion between them, he ſuffers her to ſee no Company.—A Misfortune obliging him to ſtay at home, ſhe entreats him to take a little Air; he conſents, on Condition that ſhe ſhall call of no Perſon, and gives the Coachman, in her Preſence, a Charge to take Care of her.——To revenge the little Confidence her Huſband repoſed in her, by crowning his jealous Pate, ſhe ordered the Coachman to drive to a retired Place; and he himſelf conferred on his Maſter the Honour he ſo much ſtrove to avoid. He concludes with reflecting on this Adventure.*

WHEN a Woman is determined to be ill, all Precautions are ineffectual.—Jealouſy and Suſpicion are frequently

frequently Inducements, but ſeldom, or never prove ſufficient Bars to hinder Vice; I'll relate an Example of it.

Eliza was once beloved by the moſt agreeable and deſerving Youth that ever graced a Title, but being deprived of marrying her by a rigid Father's Power, he took Shipping, endeavouring, by the moſt probable Means, Abſence, to forget his hopeleſs Paſſion.

But, alas! his Love and Life found both one Period in the remorſeleſs Ocean.

Eliza, whoſe deſtructive Beauty had been the Cauſe of all his Misfortune, was very little troubled at it; and in a ſhort Time after, married a Gentleman of a great Eſtate, though pretty much advanced in Years.

Senſible of the Diſproportion between them, and the Impoſſibility there was that Youth ſhould be fond of Age, he

is in continual Fear leſt ſhe ſhould ſeek, in other Embraces, thoſe Raptures he but vainly wiſhes to afford.

Never did *Argus* watch the golden Fruit with greater Diligence than does this jealous Huſband the Idol of his Soul.

He permits her to receive or pay no Viſits;—he ſuffers no Cards; no Balls; no Plays nor Aſſemblies;——the very Windows are not allowed to be opened; nor has ſhe been once permitted to ſtir out of Doors without being accompanied by him; till having the Misfortune to be overturned in his Coach, he broke his Leg, which Accident having for ſome Time confined him to his Chamber, ſhe pretended to be extremely indiſpoſed, and that nothing but the Air would do her good.

With earneſt Perſuaſions he conſented to let her go, but with this Condition, that ſhe ſhould call on no Perſon by the

way, nor paſs through the City with the Glaſſes down.——" The Sight of " your Beauty," ſaid he, " may tempt " ſome Libertine Fellow or other to " follow you, and perhaps be impertinent when you come into any retired " Place."

Eliza promiſed to obey his Injunctions; but not being contented with that, he called his Coachman into the Room, and believing he might depend upon his Fidelity, having lived with him ſome Years,—" *Tom*," ſays he, I give " the Charge of your Miſtreſs into your " Hands To-day; ſhe is young and unadviſed, but I deſire and command " you not to ſtop at any Place, but to " drive with the utmoſt Speed you can " till you come into the Fields; and if " you ſhould happen to meet any " Coaches, Chaiſes, or Chariots, I " charge you turn out of the Way, " without giving any body any Opportunity of ſeeing who you have in the " Coach."

Tom

Tom aſſured him he would be very punctual in obſerving his Orders; but as they were given in the Preſence of the Lady, they rouſed up all ſhe had of Woman in her.

Eliza had before entertained ſome Thoughts of diſappointing her jealous-pated Huſband's Caution by ſome Means or other, but had not quite reſolved on it; but this apparent Proof how little Confidence he repoſed in her, entirely determined within herſelf to make him what he ſo much feared to be.

That private Manner in which he had obliged her to live ſince their Marriage, had not afforded her any Opportunities of Gallantry; and though ſhe was very ſenſible there were a thouſand who would be tranſported at the leaſt Encouragement from her, yet ſhe knew not how to go to any of them; beſides, as ſhe was put into the Power of *Tom* the Coachman, there was little

Probability he would falſify his Fidelity to his Maſter, without any Advantage accruing to himſelf; and being kept, (as I obſerved before) intirely within Doors, ſhe could not be at any extraordinary Expences, and was kept wholly without Money.

She had not, in her Poſſeſſion, a Purſe of Guineas to bribe his Service, and therefore took it into her Head to tempt him another Way; and that *Tom* ſhould perform what her Huſband was ſo fearful he ſhould give another an Opportunity of doing.

Inclination and Revenge were both united to fix her in this Reſolution; and as ſhe was ſtepping into the Coach, he aſked her whither he ſhould drive?— She anſwered, "To the moſt private "airing Place, and I leave the Choice "of it to you; and as I am under "your Charge, I alſo am willing to "leave the Diſpoſal of myſelf entirely "to you."

The

Theſe Words were pronounced in the moſt tender and obliging Accents, and accompanied with ſuch a languiſhing Look, that they could not fail of raiſing ſtrange Emotions in the Breaſt of *Tom*, to whom they were addreſſed.

Tom ſcarce knew what he did, or had the Power of governing his Horſes, he was ſo flurried with a wild Idea of ſomething which he could not yet account for nor comprehend, till paſſing through a private Lane, he perceived the String pulled; at which pleaſing Signal he inſtantly jump'd down to know her Commands, wholly forgetful or regardleſs of the Orders of his Maſter.

Full of Expectation, and trembling betwixt Deſire and Fear, he approached the Door, hoping an Explanation of thoſe myſterious Words which had ſo much agitated him.

Eliza beheld in his Eyes the Confuſion of his Soul, and rejoicing to find him of ſo quick an Apprehenſion, put an End to his Surprize in theſe Words:

" The Reaſon why I called you " down, *Tom*, is to aſk you what your " Opinion is of the Conduct of your " Maſter?

" His keeping me ſo cloſely con- " fined, and the Orders he has given " you to be watchful over me, makes " you very ſenſible of his Fears, and " what little Confidence he repoſes in " me; tell me, therefore, if you think " him not to blame, in ſo plainly diſ- " covering the Suſpicions he has of my " Virtue?

" Is not ſuch Conduct enough to " make any Woman of Spirit reſolve " to revenge herſelf on him, even in " that very Manner he is ſo much afraid " of?"

The

The Coachman, who could not yet perſuade himſelf that theſe Expreſſions were meant in his Favour, was very much at Loſs how to reply to them; at laſt, with ſome Heſitation, he hammer'd out theſe Words:

" Indeed, Madam, when I conſider " my Maſter's Age, and your great " Share of Beauty, I cannot be ſur- " prized if he ſhould think that Hea- " ven did not intend the entire Poſ- " ſeſſion of ſuch a Treaſure for him."

" But then," reſumed *Eliza*, " is " not this very impolitic Jealouſy, in " truſting me to the Care of one, who, " if he pleaſes to embrace the Oppor- " tunity, has it in his Power to render " all their Cautions vain?

" He ought rather to have choſen " ſomething diſagreeable and forbid- " ding Love, to have conducted me to " this Solitude to which we are going.

" It is not in the Power of Titles, " Wealth, or Grandeur to excite De- " ſire.—Thoſe Charms are ſometimes " found in a Perſon of a mean Station, " which far outvies all that his Supe- " perior can boaſt.

" Has he not as much Reaſon to " fear, that you, to whom he has ſo " inadvertently truſted the Guardian- " ſhip of that Virtue he ſuſpects, may " be the very Man with whom it is in " the moſt Danger of being rifled?

" Can he be ſo ſtupid as to think I " have not Eyes to diſtinguiſh what is " agreeable; or does he believe you " would prefer your Duty to him to " your Gratitude to me?"

She had ſaid enough to convince the Coachman of the Happineſs ſhe intended for him; and being greatly tranſported at a Condeſcenſion ſo unexpected, ſo infinitely beyond what he had ever dared to hope, he could hardly refrain

frain from throwing himſelf at her Feet as ſhe ſate in the Coach; but *Eliza*, bidding him reſerve his Raptures till they came to a more convenient Place to indulge them in, he got Leave, from the Hurry of his diſordered Joy, to retire to his Poſt again; and drove her with as much Precipitation, as was conſiſtent with Safety, to a remote Place, where they imagined no Eye, but that of Heaven, was Witneſs of their abominable Deeds.

I have no Occaſion to inform you of what followed; you may conceive the ſhameful Concluſion.

Revenge and Pride, ſometimes, without the Help of Inclination, compleat the Cuckold's Fears, and drive the enraged Wife to commit ſuch Actions, to which ſhe was before entirely averſe.

Women are naturally mild and tractable;—Confidence and Kindneſs may work them to any thing; beſides, they are leſs prone to amorous Deſires than

the other Sex, becauſe of the Coldneſs of their Conſtitutions; but then they are generally extremely obſtinate, diſdainful of Controul, and love to prove they are above it.

I would, therefore, adviſe you, each unthinking Mortal, if ever you become a Huſband or Father, to ſecure the Honour of your Family by gentle Means; all others are ineffectual, and will only ſerve to break your Peace in the Attempt, and render you more expoſed when diſcovered to be fruitleſs.

Be alſo very careful how you are guilty of a Breach of Promiſe to the Woman you love, or make any needleſs Trials of her Temper:—There are very few who will forgive the firſt, or abide the latter; therefore avoid the Danger of theſe two Methods of proceeding with a Sex, which is, indeed, the pureſt Part of the Creation while untainted with Sin; but when once corrupted, and over-ſwayed by Paſſion, the very worſt and moſt abandoned.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The Love-inſpiring Deity relates the Hiſtory of Lionel *and* Sylvia.—Lionel *addreſſes* Sylvia *on honourable Terms; ſhe receives him favourably:—A Day is appointed for the Celebration of their Nuptials; but* Lionel, *imagining ſhe did not love him with that Tenderneſs ſhe ought, invents a Method to break off the Match:—She writes him a Letter in a Strain of Indifference;—he anſwers it in very affronting Terms.—Nettled at the Ill-uſage ſhe received from him, ſhe immediately marries another Perſon:—*Lionel *being informed of it, is ſeized with the utmoſt Deſpair, and dies in the greateſt Agonies:—The Huſband finding ſhe married him but out of Malice, treats her in a very cruel Manner; which, joined to her Grief for her Misfortunes, throws her into a ſevere Illneſs, of which ſhe dies.* Cupid's *Reflections on trifling with the Fair Sex.*

HAVING given a little Advice in the Concluſion of the preceding

ing Chapter, I ſhall now relate a ſhort Hiſtory on that Head, which may ſerve as an Example to prove the Truth of what I have there ſaid.

A young Gentleman named *Lionel*, had a very paſſionate Affection for *Sylvia*, a young Lady of great Accompliſhments, Beauty, and a good Fortune.

He made his Addreſſes to her on the moſt honourable Terms; ſhe received him very favourably; and after ſome Time was allowed for a decent Courtſhip, and the inſpiring her with an equal Paſſion, they appointed a Day for the Conſummation of their Loves.

But while the Preparations were making for the Solemnity, a Whim came into the Head of *Lionel*, that he was not beloved by *Sylvia* ſo well as he could Wiſh, and that he owed her Conſent to this Match more to his own Importunity than her Inclinations.

He

He was ſo very delicate in his Paſſion that he could not bear to be indebted for his Happineſs to a leſs Motive than an adequate Tenderneſs and mutual Deſire.

Sylvia's Modeſty of Behaviour confirmed his jealous Fear, that ſhe felt for him nothing more than a cold Eſteem, or at beſt a Friendſhip.

Becauſe her Virgin Baſhfulneſs obliged her to conceal thoſe thrilling Wiſhes, thoſe Palpitations of an amorous Inclination, he believed her inſenſible of any.

Like a Miſer he pined amidſt a Scene of Plenty, and rendered himſelf incapable of enjoying the Treaſure he was ſo ambitious to obtain.

Extremely diſcontented in his Mind, he, at length reſolved to make Trial of her Love; and the Means he invented to do it, was to put off the Marriage

on that very Day in which they had concluded to have it celebrated.

He made no Manner of Excuſe to her for behaving in this Manner; or, at leaſt, took care it ſhould be ſuch a one as no Woman could approve of from the Man ſhe loved.

The Reaſon of his acting thus was to ſee in what Manner ſhe would reſent it; which if ſhe did not in the moſt outrageous Degree, he would then be convinced of her Inſenſibility; imagining, and indeed not without Reaſon, that a real and ardent Paſſion, when treated with Contempt, turns to the ſevereſt Indignation.

His Deſire was, that ſhe would draw his own Sword, and attempt to run him through the Heart, and ſincerely prayed that he might ſee her guilty of ſome wild Effect of Deſpair; the more extravagant it was, the more he ſhould be convinced that he met with a reciprocal Return of Affection.

The

The Day appointed for the Celebration of the Nuptials, at laſt arrived; early in the Morning did *Lionel* repair to viſit his beloved *Sylvia*; and finding her ſurrounded with her Mantua-maker, Milliner, and other Perſons, who were to adorn her for the Wedding, he called her aſide, and related to her the Story he had invented for breaking off, at leaſt for ſome Time.

It would be a Taſk too great for me to attempt to relate the Agonies ſhe felt while he was talking to her; all Words would come far ſhort of the Reality, and but injure her mighty Sufferings; therefore I ſhall only ſay, that they as much ſurpaſſed her own Power of Utterance, as they do my Deſcriptions.

Sylvia made but very little Reply, and when *Lionel* took his Leave, ſhe made no Attempt to perſuade him to ſtay, or to do any Deed of Deſperation; but this was ſo far from being

occaſioned by a careleſs Indifference, or want of Tenderneſs, that it was entirely the reverſe, which joining with Amazement, overwhelmed her Soul, and rendered her incapable either to revile or to complain.

Immediately after his Departure, ſhe fell into a Swoon, from which ſhe was with great Difficulty recovered; but as ſoon as the Power of Thought returned, and Reflection began to reſume its Sway in her diſordered Brain, ſhe concealed her Uneaſineſs, as much as poſſible, from the Obſervation of thoſe who were about her; and diſmiſſing them with an Order to come again another Time, retired to her Cloſet, and began to conſider what would beſt become her to do in ſuch a Circumſtance.

That decent Pride, and Regard of Reputation, which all Women of Honour ought to be poſſeſſed of, told her it would be an Indignity to herſelf to let him know the Secret of her Grief.

She

She thought it mean-ſpirited to expreſs herſelf in any Terms which ſhould make him think ſhe could not live without him; but her Surprize having prevented her from hearing ſome Part of what he ſaid to her, and deſirous of a farther Explanation, ſhe took Pen and Paper, and wrote to him as follows.

To the Ungrateful LIONEL.

" WHEN I granted your Requeſt
" by conſenting to be your's, I
" flattered myſelf with an Opinion,
" that of the two, you thought your-
" ſelf the moſt happy; and as my
" Gratitude for your feign'd Paſſion
" was the greateſt Motive which in-
" duced me to make you that Promiſe,
" my Friendſhip for you makes me
" very eaſy in your abſolving me of it.
" I would have thoſe whom I wiſh
" well pleaſe themſelves in every thing;
" and am ſo far from reſenting your
" Behaviour in this Point, that I ſin-
" cerely wiſh you may be able to an-
" ſwer

" ſwer it to yourſelf; and deſire you
" will ſend me an Account in Writing
" of thoſe Reaſons which have obliged
" you to alter your Intentions.——
" Doubtleſs they are ſuch as are con-
" ſiſtent with Reaſon; and if ſo, I
" ſhall be one of the firſt to approve
" of them.—I confeſs, I wiſh you had
" been able to have judged of your
" own Inclinations before this Day,
" not only becauſe our Proceedings ſo
" far has given me ſome Trouble
" which I might have avoided; but al-
" ſo that I fear you will find it diffi-
" cult, after what has paſſed between
" us, to make the World believe you
" are the Man of Honour you have
" appeared to be. If you yet retain
" any Deſire of obliging me, you muſt
" expreſs it by ſending an Anſwer im-
" mediately to the

" Abandoned SYLVIA."

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Ago-nies of Mind, with which ſhe ſuppreſſed the ſtruggling Paſſions enough to enable her

her to write to him in this cool and temperate Manner; but that which was the Effects of her Diſcretion, he looked upon as occaſioned by want of Tenderneſs.

Thus every Thing contributing to feed that unaccountable Chimera which had taken Poſſeſſion of his Brain, he now believed himſelf fully aſſured, that as Convenience alone had obliged her to conſent to marrry him, ſo Pride alone had influenced her not to feel any Uneaſineſs at the breaking of it off; and as he really loved her to the greateſt Exceſs that a Heart is capable of, he endured more than there is a Poſſibility even of conceiving without having firſt felt the ſame Torture.

He read her Letter over and over, but the oftner he read it, the more he thought himſelf convinced that his Conjectures had but too certain a Foundation; and when he came to that Part of the Letter, where ſhe tells him that Gra-

Gratitude was the principal Inducement to engage her to marry him,—" Yes, " *(cried he to himſelf)* I at firſt imagined " it to be no otherwiſe, but I am now " aſſured it was even leſs than that.

" Gratitude, in Time, *continued he*, " may ripen into Love and Friendſhip, " as *Sylvia* calls it; but when ill-re- " warded, will turn to Hatred and De- " teſtation.

" If either of theſe tender Motions " had ever had Poſſeſſion of her Heart, " ſhe could not, with ſuch an Air of " Tranquility, have borne ſuch an Af- " front as I have offered.

" True Love is nice, tenacious of " its Prerogative, jealous of every " Thing, and even at the Appearance " of Slight, converts itſelf to Rage " and Fury :——The ſofteſt Tempers " become all Fury, when Tenderneſs " abuſed provokes to Vengeance ;—— " but the beautiful *Sylvia* is quite calm,

" and

" and looks, and writes with her uſual
" Mildneſs; nor does ſhe feel one
" Grain of all that mighty Load of
" Anguiſh which preſſes down the poor
" diſconſolate *Lionel.*

In this wild Manner did the Diſtraction of his Mind compel him to rave: At length, taking up the Letter again, ——" She requires an Anſwer," ſaid he, " and an Anſwer ſhe ſhall have;
" but it ſhall be ſuch a one as will
" alarm her Pride.

" Though her Paſſion is of a tame
" enduring Nature, mine is not; my
" rejected Love, and my defeated
" Hopes cry for Revenge.

" At leaſt, ſhe ſhall ſhare ſome Part
" of the Agonies ſhe inflicts: If per-
" ſonal Reflections cannot move her,
" ſhe is no Woman!——I am deter-
" mined to wound her in the tendereſt
" Part, her Vanity."

In this ſilly Humour did he ſit down to write to her; and following only the Dictates of his miſtaken Rage, expreſſed it in the following ſcandalous Manner:

To the vain Affected SYLVIA.

" THE wonderful Pains you take " to attract the Devoirs of Man- " kind in general, had that Effect on " me among the reſt, to create a Cu- " rioſity of knowing how Women of " your Humour behave on a nearer " Converſation.—Indeed, Madam, it " muſt be a Face infinitely more be- " holden to Nature than your's, which " would engage me in a ſerious Paſ- " ſion, nor do I believe I ſhould think " the moſt beautiful worthy ſo dear a " Price as Liberty.——I aſſure you, I " never had the leaſt Thought of mar- " rying you, but becauſe I ſaw you " put on an Air as if you expected it, " I was willing to humour it for a " Time, for a little Amuſement and " Diverſion; but the Jeſt beginning

" to

" to grow ſtale, and having ſome other
" Affairs in my Hands of much greater
" Conſequence, I came this Morning
" to undeceive you; but, as what I then
" ſaid to you is not ſufficient to abate
" that invincible Vanity of your's, and
" you yet deſire a further Reaſon for
" my behaving as I did, I give it you
" now at full, and deſire you'll think
" no more of

" *Yours*, &c.

" LIONEL."

If you know any thing of the Diſpoſition of the fair Sex, you need not be informed, that ſuch an Epiſtle as this, is enough to fire the mildeſt of them with the utmoſt Extravagance of Rage.

Sylvia was certainly a Lady of Merit, and had as little Share of that Vanity of which he accuſed her, as any of her Sex; but yet ſhe could not ſuffer herſelf to be affronted in ſuch rude and

ſcandalous

ſcandalous Terms without reſenting it in the moſt violent Manner.

To be ill-treated and abuſed by the Man ſhe loved above her Life, was not only terrible to be borne, but as it came from a Man who had the Character of the ſtricteſt Honour, and to whom ſhe had never given the leaſt Occaſion for the Reproaches he made her, appeared ſo amazing and confounding, that ſhe could hardly believe her Senſes.

Convinced, however, by Reflection, of the Reality of it, ſhe began to conſider him as either mad, or unworthy of the Eſteem with which ſhe had regarded him; and Surprize and Grief giving way to Rage, when ſhe was in the higheſt Pitch of it that Mortal can be, ſhe was viſited by a Gentleman who had long loved her; who being informed, that her Marriage with *Lionel* was put off, took that Opportunity, hoping it might be a favourable one, to renew his Addreſſes; and, indeed, it

proved far beyond his Expectations; for being ſtung to the Soul for the extreme Ill-uſage of the Man ſhe loved, deſpairing of retrieving him, and reſolving not to attempt it; therefore, to put it wholly out of her Power ſo to do, and to convince him that ſhe was not deſtitute of a Lover more faithful than himſelf, ſhe not only liſtened with more Attention than ſhe had ever done before to the Declarations of this other Gentleman, but ſhe alſo promiſed him Marriage.

The Tranſport he was in, at a Succeſs ſo much above his Expectations, was proportionable to the Paſſion he then had for her, and fearing a ſecond Alteration in her Humour leſs to his Advantage than this had been, he preſſed her for the Performance of her Promiſe that very Minute.

The ſame Reaſons which had induced her to make the Promiſe, joined with his Entreaties to prevail on her to con-

firm it, and ſhe was indeed a Bride the Evening of that very Day ſhe intended to be ſo, though of a different Man.

The new-wedded Pair had ſcarce received a Good-morrow from any of their Friends, before *Lionel*, to whom this heart-breaking News was immediately reported, flew to the Houſe, diſtracted with Extremity of Deſpair, to know the Certainty of that ill Fate which his own jealous Folly and Caprice had drawn upon himſelf; which when he had learned from the Mouth of the Bridegroom himſelf (for *Sylvia* refuſed to ſee him) he immediately fell into Agonies which excited the Compaſſion of all who ſaw him.

In his diſtracted Ravings he let fall ſome Expreſſions which betrayed the Cauſe of his Misfortunes, and made the adorable *Sylvia* the moſt unhappy Woman in the World, in having thus raſhly put it out of her Power to reward a Paſſion ſo ſincere, ſo ardently tender

tender as that which even his very Rudeneſs now diſcovered.

The Servants of *Lionel* were obliged to put him by Force into his Chair, and carry him from the Houſe of *Sylvia*;—the Sight of every Thing in it, and above all, the Preſence of him who was now become the Maſter of it, encreaſing the Miſery of his Condition.

But, alas! they quickly found the Change of Place made no Alteration in his Behaviour; they ſoon perceived it was not a ſudden Start of Paſſion, but a ſettled Frenzy which had ſeized him, which was not in the Power of the moſt ſkilful Phyſician to remove, and which, in a very ſhort Time, deprived him of that Life which was become inſupportable.

Some ſhort Time before the Soul had taken its final Leave of the Body, the great *Jupiter* was pleaſed to reſtore him the Uſe of his Reaſon, which he em-

ployed in writing to *Sylvia* an Account of the firſt Riſe and Occaſion of that Folly which had been ſo fatal to them both; and then, as if he had no further Buſineſs either with Life or Reaſon, he relapſed into his former Diſorders, and preſently expired.

The Epiſtle he had written to *Sylvia*, with a Narrative of his Sufferings, being brought to her, ſerved only to give an additional Diſquiet to that afflicted young Lady, who was already preſſed with more than ſhe had Courage to ſuſtain.

The Gentleman who was her Huſband, being convinced that ſhe had married him but in Malice to *Lionel*, ſoon grew cool in his Affections to her, and in a ſhort Time unkind and cruel; which, joined to her own ſecret Remorſe and Grief for the Misfortunes and Death of her adored *Lionel*, threw her at length into a ſevere Illneſs, which alſo deprived her of a miſerable Life.

This

This Narrative will convince you how dangerous it is to trifle with that Sex, who are, in general, impatient enough in their Paſſions, to ruin their own Peace, if it affords them a Proſpect of deſtroying that of the Man who has offended them.

Even a Parent's Power, when exerciſed with too much Rigour, they throw off; therefore, an Appearance of Indulgence, muſt always gild the bitter Pill of Command, or you muſt never expect or wiſh to find Obedience.

CHAP. XIII.

After ſome ſeaſonable Reflections, he relates the Hiſtory of Juliana*—She was married very young to a Gentleman of good Fortune:—He loved her with the tendereſt Affection; but ſhe, inſenſible of his Indulgences, forſakes his Bed for the Embraces of a young Gentleman.—The Grief for her Elopement is the Cauſe of her Huſband's Death:* Juliana *is married by her Keeper.—She contracts an Acquaintance with a Kinſman of her Huſband; he obtains a Divorce;—ſhe then marries her Gallant, who dies ſoon after, leaving her immenſe Riches, with which ſhe retires to a foreign Iſland.*

HOW many various Ways do vain unthinking Mortals contrive to waſte thoſe precious Moments, they would hereafter quit all that the World calls valuable to retrieve!

Juliana

Juliana is a Woman whoſe Conduct fills all who know her with Amazement!——She ſeems to take Pains to render herſelf unhappy.

There is not a ſingle Action of her Life but has been almoſt ſufficient to have worked the utter Ruin of any other Perſon; but ſo much is ſhe the Favourite of Fortune, that thoſe very Things, which in all Probability muſt have tended to her Undoing, have been the Means of raiſing her.

She was married very young to a Gentleman, who had an Eſtate far ſuperior to her Expectations.—Never did any Man regard a Wife with more Affection than he did:——The whole of his Study was to oblige.

To have ſeen his Behaviour to her, one would rather have imagined he was ſolliciting her for a Favour, on the granting of which his whole Life de-

pended, than that the Nuptial Tye had authoriſed his Freedom with her.

But ſhe, ungrateful to all his fond Indulgences, and inſenſible of the Bleſſings ſhe poſſeſſed, forſook his Houſe and Bed for the Embraces of a Gentleman, who, tho' a younger Brother of a rich Family, his preſent Circumſtances rendered it very little in his Power to ſupport her in the Manner ſhe had been uſed to live.

She was now deſervedly looked upon by all the World as an abandoned Woman, and as much loſt to outward Happineſs as ſhe was to Virtue.

But obſerve the ſurpriſing Event!— The Grief for her Elopement ſoon put a Period to her unhappy Huſband's Life; and the other, who was not yet ſated with her Charms, publickly married her, to the inexpreſſible Concern of all the Family from which he ſprung.

His

His two elder Brothers happened, in a very ſhort Time after, to reſign their Breath to the irreſiſtible Will of Fate, leaving him the ſole Heir of an immenſe Fortune.

His aged Father was ſo much enraged at the unworthy Choice he had made, that he endeavoured, by all the Means that Law could invent, to diſinherit him; but as he did not ſucceed in the Attempt, he alſo died; and it is imagined merely through Grief and Rage.

Now did *Juliana* appear in all the Charms of Pomp and Grandeur, the Envy of the gaping wondering Croud; but it was not long that ſhe had the Power to continue in this ſettled State; and ungrateful to this, as ſhe had been to her former Huſband, entered into an Amour with a near Kinſman of his own.

So very public was the Paſſion each had for the other, and ſo ſhameleſs were they in the Gratification of it, that being plainly detected of the Crime, her injured Huſband, to wipe off as much as poſſible the Odium ſhe had brought on him, had recourſe to Law, and was exerting his Endeavours to procure a Divorce.

She now began to regret what ſhe had done, and trembled at the Miſeries to which ſhe believed herſelf about to be reduced.——The Partner of her Guilt was unable to give her any Conſolation. ——She raved like a diſtracted Creature, and curſed herſelf and him whoſe Inſinuations were like to be ſo fatal to her.

But it was not in the Power of herſelf, nor any other Perſon, to inflict on her the Miſeries ſhe merited; and when ſhe appeared to be juſt on the very Brink of Wretchedneſs, *Fortune* interpoſed,

poſed, and ſnatched her from the threat'ning Danger.

Her Huſband having obtained a Divorce, the Law allowed her for a Support but juſt ſo much as would preſerve her from periſhing for Want.

Immediately after the Divorce, ſhe was married to her Gallant, who dying ſoon after, left her one of the richeſt Widows in the Kingdom; but as her immenſe Riches could not compenſate for want of Honour, ſhe turned all her Effects into ready Caſh, and tranſported it with herſelf into a foreign Iſland; but even there ſhe is not abſent from herſelf; the Stings of Conſcience will for ever pierce her till ſhe arrives to her deſtined everlaſting Miſery.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The God of ſoft Deſires relates the Hiſtory of Ariana, *who for one Fault is driven out a wretched Exile.——The Man, to whom ſhe owes her Ruin, regards not her Complaints.——Thoſe Charms which drew on her Ruin ſhe is now obliged to exert for her Support:—He petitions* Jupiter *in her Behalf, but to no purpoſe; for* Diana, *in Conjunction with* Juno, *render all his Endeavours fruitleſs.*

A GLOOMY Planet preſided over the Birth of *Ariana*, and ſhed its early Influence on her Head;—for one ſingle Fault, and that too betrayed into by the moſt ſeeming tender Paſſion, pretended to be occaſioned by my Influence, is ſhe abandoned by her remorſeleſs Parents; and though ſhe is not yet arrived to her Seventeeth Year, ſhe is driven out a wretched Exile to wander

wander unfriended in an unpitying World.

The perfidious Man, to whom ſhe owes her Ruin, regards not her Complaints, nor has the leaſt Compaſſion for the Woes, his fatal Inſinuations have brought upon her.

He forgets his Vows and Oaths, in the Arms of a new Charmer, and triumphs in Perfidiouſneſs.

Thoſe charming Attractions which drew on her Undoing, ſhe is now obliged to exert for her Support; and having communicated her Misfortunes to an old Procureſs, ſhe was ſoon introduced into a Life of Infamy.

Thus does this wretched Beauty languiſh out her Days in the extremeſt Sorrows, and the moſt poignant Remorſe:——Loſt to all her Soul was fond of; forſaken by all thoſe whom the Ties of Blood and Nature obliged

to

to take her Part;—ſhunn'd and abhorred by the leſs faulty Part of her Acquaintance; and what is the moſt dreadful Ill of all ſhe ſuffers, condemn'd to loath'd Embraces, and the Pain of a diſſembled Tenderneſs and Affection for a mean Subſiſtence.

Greatly do I lament the Fate of this unhappy Beauty; but all my Interceſſions to *Jupiter* in her Behalf have been entirely in vain.

Diana, the ſtern Goddeſs of Chaſtity, whoſe Votary ſhe had vow'd herſelf, chagrin'd at the Affront and Indignity, joins her Power with *Juno*, and renders all my Endeavours fruitleſs;——and much I fear the Rigour of theſe offended Goddeſſes will never ceaſe to blaſt her with perpetual Woes, till Life, worn out with Grief and Miſeries, ſhall ceaſe to be, and ſhe repoſes in the Lap of the common Mother of all Mortals.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The Deity of tender Wiſhes relates the Hiſtory of Selferus *and* Iſabella. *He deſcribes* Iſabella :—*He defines true Love.* —Leonora *becomes in Love with* Selferus :—*He alſo loves her ; but he is ſo very avaricious, that finding her Fortune to be leſs than he expected, he immediately abandons her.—She has the Moderation not to ſhew any Reſentment ; and endures the greateſt Torture without the leaſt Indignation.—He concludes the Chapter with Encomiums on her Behaviour.*

ISABELLA is endowed by Nature with all Manner of perſonal Affections, and a Mind enriched with every Grace ;—a commanding, yet a perſuaſive Air appears in every Motion.

She has a Harmony of Features, an Elegance of Shape :——In ſhort, her whole

whole enchanting Frame is truly perfect.

Nor is the Sweetneſs of her Soul inferior to the Temple in which it is inſhrin'd.——No irregular, impure, or black Deſires ſtain her white Thoughts. ——No Ill-nature, Hypocriſy, or Deceit, deform or ruffle the ſoft Compoſure of her gentle Mind.

Tenderneſs and Chaſtity are ſo blended in her, that they ſeem one Virtue, and render her equally valuable to the Deities of both.

Though ſhe is the ſublimeſt Votary my Altars boaſt, ſhe is not more dear to me than ſhe is to the Virgin Goddeſs, cold *Cytherea*; yet has ſhe received the Impreſſion of my Dart, and all her Fancy flames with the Purity of Love's tranſporting Blaze.

This is a glorious Example, that ſuch Wiſhes as I inſpire, are ſo far from debaſing

baſing the Mind, that they enliven it, and preſent it with Ideas more elevated, and more refined, than it would otherwiſe be poſſeſſed of.

When a Perſon is truly in Love, he takes all imaginable Care to do what he thinks may entitle him to the Affections of the darling Object.

He aſſumes Virtues, to which his former Practice was a Stranger, and throws off his Vices, which he looks on as ſo many Obſtructions in his Way to the Bleſſing of the Object's Favour.

He endeavours to appear polite, humane, and affable; nor does he only affect to be ſo; that Tenderneſs which my Impreſſion cauſes, even in thoſe Hearts which are moſt rugged by Nature, will compel him to Acts of Goodneſs and Compaſſion; and the natural Deſire which all Men have of being happy, in whatſoever they happen to place the Ultimate of their Felicity, oblige

oblige them to a Propenſity of behaving in ſuch a Manner as to merit it.

But, to return to *Iſabella*:—Would you believe a Lady endow'd by Nature with all Manner of perſonal Perfections, a Mind enrich'd with every Grace, born with a Propenſity to Good, and made perfect and confirm'd by Education;——a Woman whom one would think it ſcarce poſſible to behold without loving; and much leſs ſo, to know without adoring:——I ſay, can any Mortal believe, that this angelic Creature ſhould, by the Stupidity of an ungrateful Man, have Cauſe to mourn her want of Power to pleaſe!

Could you imagine that ſhe ſhould ſigh in vain?—and beſtow the ineſtimable Treaſure of her Virgin Heart on one who values not the Bleſſing?—— Yet ſo it is; a Dart of mine flew uncommiſſioned from my unwary Hand, and fix'd itſelf in her reſiſtleſs Breaſt.

She loved *Selferus* with an Ardor not to be expreſſed; but Avarice is the darling Paſſion of his ſordid Soul, and *Pecunia* ſo ſtrictly guards each Avenue of her Votary's Boſom, that it is but in vain for me ever to do any thing in Favour of *Iſabella*.

I confeſs he likes the beauteous Maid, acknowledges her Worth, and his moſt ſecret Thoughts prefer her to all the reſt of her Sex; but then there are others whoſe Fortunes are ſuperior; and Wealth, in his Eſteem, is Beauty, Virtue, Wit, and, in fine, the Sum-total of all that is excellent.

At her firſt Acquaintance with him, ſhe was repreſented to him by a Perſon who was not perfectly acquainted with her Affairs, as a Perſon poſſeſſed of above twice the Fortune which ſhe, in reality, enjoys: this cauſed him to make his Addreſſes to her in the moſt ſtrenuous Manner; but ſhe, who ſcorns Deceit, and knew that his Credulity had been

im-

impoſed upon, preſently informed him of the Truth of her Circumſtances; on which he moſt unworthily broke off the intended Match, and immediately abandoned what, had he a Mind capable of judging rightly, he might have thought himſelf happy in obtaining, had he been Maſter of the Revenue of a Prince.

Iſabella had too much Penetration not to diſcern, immediately, the Cauſe of her Misfortune; but though ſhe deſpiſed a Temper ſo ungenerous, ſhe cannot forbear regarding his Perſon with the ſame Tenderneſs which the firſt Sight of him had inſpired.

But the Manner in which ſhe reſents the Treatment ſhe has met, is ſo very different from what any other Woman would do in the like Circumſtance, that I cannot omit relating it, and which was indeed, the chief Motive which induced me to mention her Story.

She

She reviles not, ſhe rails not, neither does ſhe complain, nor make any Confidants of the grievous Sufferings ſhe ſuſtains :——All her Behaviour is as calm as Indifference itſelf; and though it is impoſſible for her to be happy without him, yet ſhe ſeems not to be the contrary.

Never did any Woman conceal Deſpair with ſo much Skill, nor ſuffer being forſaken by the Man ſhe adored with ſo good a Grace.

Her Pillow and her Cloſet, are the only Witneſſes of her Lamentations; and when ſhe has, in private, diſcharged that Stock of Tears, which the Source of her exhauſtleſs Grief ſupplies, in public ſhe appears quite eaſy, and quite ſerene.

To prevent the leaſt Suſpicion that any ſecret Indignation is harboured in her Mind, ſhe continues to viſit the Siſters of the ungrateful *Selferus*, with the

ſame

ſame Freedom as before ſhe was courted or abandoned by their Brother.

This was a wonderful Proof of Moderation in a Sex, who for the moſt part are pretty extravagant in their Paſſions, and as often imagine, that giving a Looſe to them, is rather an Argument of their Greatneſs of Spirit, than the contrary; whereas, in reality, nothing is ſo great an Indication of a Meanneſs of Soul, as an Endeavour to retaliate an Injury of the Kind ſhe has ſuſtained.

There are, indeed, ſome miſtaken Judges, who cry out againſt thoſe who ſit down tamely, as they call it, with an Affront; but the more judicious and diſcerning Part of the World will acknowledge, that the Fortitude and Magnanimity of a Soul conſiſts more in enduring, than in revenging an Inſult of any Kind.

For all Things that are juſt, are not prudent;——though a Man, who like *Selferus*,

Selferus, deſerves the ſevereſt Puniſhment which the Art of Woman can invent, yet ſhe who inflicts it is ſure to make herſelf the Talk of the whole Town in which ſhe reſides; and how far that is conſiſtent with that Modeſty which ought to be the Characteriſtic of the Fair Sex, I ſubmit to your Determination.

CHAP. XVI.

The little Deity relates the Hiſtory of Hymenus *and* Charlotta.——Hymenus, *though a Widower, was ſo well pleaſed with Matrimony, that he is deſirous of marrying again.—He makes his Addreſſes to ſeveral Ladies; but when he finds he has made any conſiderable Progreſs in their Affections, he deſerts them.—He proceeds ſo far with* Charlotta *as to appoint a Day for the Celebration of the Nuptials.——Having met with ſuch good Succeſs in his Amours, he thinks he can as eaſily obtain a larger Fortune, and therefore invents an Excuſe*

cuſe to delay it, and repairs to London. —Charlotta *gueſſing at his Intentions, was determined to be revenged, and goes alſo to* London, *where ſhe procures an artful Servant Girl to repreſent an Heireſs of great Fortune; for which ſhe provides an Equipage, and hires a very elegant Lodging near* Hymenus, *who being aſſured ſhe was worth Thirty Thouſand Pounds, he immediately ſwallows the Bait, and marries her.—The next Day* Charlotta *ſends the Tradeſmen to demand the Charges of the Grandeur.—He diſcovers the Deceit, and is almoſt diſtracted.—He refuſes to cohabit with her, but, not allowing her a ſufficient ſeparate Maintenance, ſhe has commenced a Suit againſt him.*—Cupid's *Reflections on this extraordinary Scheme for Revenge.*

HAVING concluded the preceding Chapter with Encomiums on the Moderation of *Iſabella*, I ſhall now relate the Hiſtory of a very oppoſite Character.

In

In a Town ſituated about ſixty Miles from the City of *London*, is the Reſidence of a Gentleman, named *Hymenus*, who ſeemed to be ſo well pleaſed with the matrimonial State, that he had no ſooner buried one Wife than he began to caſt his Eyes about in ſearch of another; yet ſo very difficult was he in his Choice, that though he was introduced to make his Addreſſes to ſeveral Ladies of Beauty and Fortune, yet when he found he had made any Progreſs in their Affections, he always found ſome Fault or other, either with the Perſon, Character, or Circumſtance, which gave him a Pretence to break off.

But ſhe, with whom he had proceeded the fartheſt, was named *Charlotta*, a young Lady of a very agreeable Perſon, a ready Wit, an unſullied Reputation, and a good Fortune.

The Affair was carried ſo far as to have every Thing agreed on for the Match, and a Day appointed for the

Celebration of it; he appeared to be the moſt happy Man in the World when he firſt gained her Acceptance of the Propoſitions he had made; but his Satisfaction was of ſhort Continuance; the natural Inconſtancy of his Temper beginning to work, prompted him to imagine there might be a Poſſibility of obtaining a Woman ſtill more deſerving than the Lady he had made Choice of; at leaſt, he could not be eaſy without making that Effort.

But, as he had already ſollicited a great Number in that Place, and as the Affair between him and *Charlotta* was publickly known, he entertained an Inclination to try his Fortune in the great Metropolis.

The very Day, therefore, preceding that which was deſigned for his Marriage with that Lady, he made her a Viſit, and putting on an Air of the utmoſt Concern, told her, he had received News of an Affair of the greateſt Im-

Importance, which obliged him to go to *London* with all Expedition :—That he could not, without doing himſelf an inexpreſſible Injury, poſtpone his Journey any longer than the next Day ; and therefore intreated her not to take it ill, that he put off the Celebration of their Nuptials till his return, which he aſſured her ſhould be as ſoon as poſſible.

Though *Charlotta* was very much ſhock'd at his Requeſt, ſhe had the Preſence of Mind to enable her to diſſemble it ; and only telling him, that all Things muſt give Way to Neceſſity, and that ſhe had not the leaſt Suſpicion any other Motive could induce him to part from her juſt at the Time when ſhe expected to have been united to him for ever, ſuffered him to take leave without any viſible Sign of Ill-humour or Diſſatisfaction.

Hymenus was no ſooner got out of her Houſe, than, beginning to reflect ſeriouſly on the Adventure, her Pene-

tration assisted her to discover the Truth.

She doubted not but the same Reason that had occasioned his having quitted others for her, had now prevailed on him to treat her in the same Manner; but having too much Spirit to endure it as others had done, "'Tis certain," said she to herself, "that he is insensible of "that Passion which is worthy of the "Name of Love; and having, by Ex- "perience, some Reason to believe our "Sex is easily imposed on, is gone "in pursuit of one whose Fortune is "superior to mine; in which, if he "succeeds, he will marry her, and "leave me to be added to the Number "of those Conquests he has triumph'd "over and forsaken:—But if the high "Opinion he has of himself should "happen to deceive him, and he should "find none to accept of his Addresses, "then will he return again to me.

"Either

" Either way," continued ſhe, " I " am deſigned his Property;—but he " ſhall find that all Women are not of " that tame enduring Nature:—I will, " at leaſt, diſcover the baſe Artifices by " which he intends to impoſe on my " Credulity; and, if there be a Poſſi- " bility of it, at once revenge the " Wrong done to myſelf and the reſt " of my Sex."

Charlotta had no ſooner formed this Reſolution, than ſhe prepared to carry it into Execution; and without communicating her Intentions to any Perſon, went privately and took a Place in the Stage-Coach, which going out early the next Morning, ſhe reached the City of *London* almoſt as ſoon as he.

Immediately after ſhe had arrived there, ſhe went to the Houſe of an Acquaintance ſhe formerly had made there, and in a little Time, by his Aſſiſtance, informed herſelf where *Hymenus* had taken up his Lodging.

She immediately employed Spies to inſpect into his Actions, by whom ſhe was aſcertained that it was no other Buſineſs than what ſhe imagined, which had brought him there.

Thinking, therefore, on nothing but Revenge, ſhe conſulted with her Acquaintance by what Means ſhe ſhould bring it about.

Bilcano (ſo he was called) was one of the moſt artful Men living; and they between them hatched a Plot, the Succeſs of which fully anſwered their End, and repaid, in kind, thoſe Affronts which the Avarice and Mutability of *Hymenus*'s Temper had thrown on ſo many Women.—The Contrivance was begun and carried on in the following Manner:

A young Woman, who had formerly been a Servant in a Family where *Bilcano* was acquainted, and had behaved herſelf, on ſome Occaſions, with Cunning

ning and Artifice enough to make him look on her as a proper Perſon to carry on this Intrigue; in which ſhe, indeed, found too much Advantage to betray: The Scheme was to deck her up and adorn her in ſuch a Manner as might make her paſs for a great Fortune.

This young Woman had ſeen a good deal of the World, and knew how to carry herſelf in that Faſhion which might make her be taken for what ſhe ſeemed; and when ſhe was equipp'd, ſhe looked and talked in ſuch a Manner as to aſſure *Charlotta* ſhe was the fitteſt Perſon in the World for ſuch an Undertaking.

Elegant Lodgings, near the Place where *Hymenus* lived, were immediately hired for her, and five Negro Servants, by the Care of *Bilcano*, provided to attend her.

No ſooner was ſhe ſettled in her fine Lodging, than ſhe began to appear in

all public Places, and never failed her Devotions twice every Day in the Temple of *Jupiter*.

The News of this great Fortune was preſently ſpread abroad, and Crowds of indigent Beaus were perpetually following her.

Hymenus heard much Talk of her, and flattered himſelf with a ſecret Hope, that if he could be introuced to her Acquaintance, he might find as favourable a Reception from her as he had done from ſo many others.

This Inclination induced him to be very attentive to all Diſcourſes concerning her; and one Day, being at a public Ordinary, where Gentlemen, though before were perfect Strangers to each other, converſe freely together, he heard *Bilcano* (who knowing he frequented that Houſe, had placed himſelf there on purpoſe) talk of her in ſuch a Manner as to diſcover he had an Intimacy with her,

her, and a perfect Knowledge of all her Affairs.

Hymenus, therefore, made it his Buſineſs to ſingle him out, and engaging him in a particular Manner, entreated to be informed concerning the Circumſtances of this Lady.

This was the very Thing *Bilcano* wanted——He told him ſhe was born in the *Indies*, the only Child and Heireſs of one of the richeſt Men in that Place; and that by the Death of her Father, ſhe was now in Poſſeſſion of above Forty Thouſand Pounds; but as ſhe was left to the Care of a Guardian, it was believed ſhe was ſhortly to be married to his Son; and that the Thing was ſo entirely agreed upon, that it only waited the return of the young Gentleman, who was gone into the Country on ſome particular Buſineſs, to compleat it.

Hymenus was very much troubled at the latter Part of this Account; but frequent Practice informing him how to proceed in ſuch Caſes, and too many Succeſſes encouraging his Endeavours, he reſolved not to be deterred by any Difficulties.

The Buſineſs, however, requiring Expedition, he thus began to puſh his Fortune.

Knowing ſhe frequented the Temple of *Jupiter*, he went there alſo, and diſtinguiſhing himſelf, at firſt, only by diſtant Bows and Cringes, he, at laſt, ventured to draw nearer and lead her to her Chair; which Offer being accepted with a becoming Baſhfulneſs, the next Opportunity he had of doing the ſame, he begg'd to be admitted to viſit her; ſaying he had a great many Friends in the Country from whence ſhe came, whom he ſhould be very glad to hear ſome News of.

She

She being before inſtructed how to behave in every Thing, on his eagerly preſſing it, gave him a ſeemingly reluctant Leave, which having obtained, he delayed no longer than that Evening, putting himſelf in Poſſeſſion of the Favour he had requeſted.

The counterfeit Heireſs received him with a modeſt Chearfulneſs; every thing ſhe ſaid and did being accompanied with the greateſt Good-Nature and Good-Manners, though the moſt ſtrict Reſerve; and nothing appeared in her Behaviour, but what ſerved to convince him, that all he had been told concerning her was Truth.

Having naturally a very good Aſſurance, and believing that nothing could be ſo dangerous to him as a Delay, he entertained her, even at this firſt Viſit, with a Declaration of the moſt fervent Paſſion that ever was; at which ſhe counterfeited an infinite deal of Surprize, but managed herſelf in

ſuch

ſuch a Manner as to make him think what he had ſaid was far from being diſpleaſing to her, and that ſhe only feign'd an Indifference of what he, in reality, but pretended to feel for her ſake.

After ten thouſand Intreaties, and well-acted Agonies, ſhe was at laſt brought to conſent that he ſhould continue to ſee her, on Condition that he ſhould never more addreſs her in the Manner he had done that Day; and, if he really had a ſincere Paſſion for her, to make uſe of his utmoſt Efforts to extinguiſh it.

But ſhe delivered this Charge with ſo faint a Voice, and with Words which ſeemed ſo forced, and ſo little of a Piece with the Sentiments of her Heart, that he was far from deſpairing of the Succeſs he aimed at.

On the other hand, this counterfeited Heireſs was rejoiced to find he had ſo readily

readily ſwallowed the Bait, which they had thus gilded over for him; and the Moment *Hymenus* had left her, ſhe ſent to acquaint *Charlotta* and *Bilcano* with what had happened, and deſired their Advice how to proceed with him for the future.

They were both extremely pleaſed, as indeed they had good Reaſon, with her Management; and improving her natural Talent of Intrigue and Diſſimulation, by what Inſtructions they could, left it afterwards entirely to herſelf to carry on the Affair.

As ſoon as ſhe aroſe the next Day, ſhe received a *Billet* from *Hymenus*, wherein he complained of her Severity and Cruelty in forbidding him to utter what it was impoſſible for him to look on her without feeling; and proteſting, that it was not even in the Power of Fate itſelf to prolong his Life, if denied the Privilege of teſtifying his Paſſion; —entreated that ſhe would not abſolutely

lutely drive him to Deſpair, but permit him to avow himſelf her Slave, till ſome happy Opportunity ſhould arrive to prove him not unworthy of being ſo.

All theſe Adjurations were accompanied with ſo many extravagant Encomiums on her Beauty, that the cunning Creature could ſcarce refrain from laughing at the reading it.

Being in the Concluſion very much preſſed for an Anſwer, ſhe ſent him Word by the Servant who brought it, that not being at leiſure to write, and beſides, thinking it improper to make that Condeſcenſion to a Stranger, he muſt wait the Knowledge of her Thoughts on what he had written, in the Evening, at which Time ſhe had permitted him to come to viſit her.

Though this Reply did not pleaſe *Hymenus* ſo much as a Letter would have done, yet did he live in Hopes that he had made an Impreſſion on her,

which.

which would, in a ſhort Time, remove all the Scruples which Intereſt or former Obligations might have raiſed againſt him.

The wiſhed-for Hour, in which ſhe had permitted him to attend her, being arrived, he went with a Determination to leave nothing unſaid which he thought might contribute to influence her in his Favour.

Never were any Characters better acted on both Sides;—whoever had been Witneſs of their Converſation, would have believed him to be the moſt longing, deſperate, dying Lover in the World, and ſhe to have been a Woman touched to the Quick by my unerring Dart, yet ſtriving to conceal it.

With the greateſt Reſerve imaginable did ſhe reply to every Thing he ſaid; but then that Reſerve appeared to have ſo much of Conſtraint in it, and with ſuch painful Strugglings did ſhe

ſeem

ſeem to ſuppreſs the riſing Sighs, that to have thought her not enamoured to a very great Degree, there was a Neceſſity of beholding her very Heart.

During the ſhort Space he was with her, a hundred Times did ſhe half pronounce the Sentence of his eternal Baniſhment, and as often did her Words ſeem to be ſtop'd by ſome ſecret Agitation.

" See me no more," would ſhe often cry, and then as repenting that Command, would ſhe haſtily rejoin with the ſame Breath——" but as a " Friend!"—as if ſhe was afraid he would take her at her Word.

In ſhort, a Man of much more Penetration, and one that had a leſs Opinion of his own Merit than *Hymenus*, might have been deceived and blinded by ſuch Artifices as ſhe made uſe of: How then could he refrain from being lifted

lifted up to the higheſt Pitch of Extacy at her imagined Kindneſs?

He doubted not but in a few Days he ſhould be Maſter of thoſe immenſe Sums which he believed were in her Poſſeſſion, and was framing in his Mind a thouſand gay inchanting Schemes of future Grandeur.

Having gain'd ſo much upon her, he left her no Time for Conſideration, but preſſing her on that which he took to be the weak Side of her, the Tenderneſs he believed ſhe had for him, ſwore more Oaths than there were Angels to witneſs them, that he would not live an Hour, if ſhe refuſed to promiſe never to marry any other Man.

"How can I do that," replied ſhe, "when I am already engaged to ano-
"ther?——My Guardian has already
"my Promiſe in Favour of his Son;
"and though he is a Man I cannot
"love, I know of no Method to break

"it

" it off with him, unleſs by throwing " myſelf, at once, into the Arms of " another, and, by the Sanction of the " Church, take from him the Power " of claiming any Right.

" Should I," continued ſhe with a deep Sigh, " gather Courage to venture " on ſo bold an Action, how do I know " but the Man I would make Choice " of, might be unkind and cruel to " me after Marriage?—The Report of " my vaſt Fortune may engage a Shew " of the tendereſt Devoirs in ſuch a " wealth-adoring Town as this; when " in Poſſeſſion of my Money, my Per- " ſon, perhaps, might meet with very " little Regard.

" How can I be ſure," cried ſhe after a little Pauſe, " but even *Hymenus* may " deceive me?"

It is not to be doubted but that all the Vows and Proteſtations that was in the Power of Artifice to bring forth, were

were now made uſe of by the impatient Lover, to diſpoſſeſs her of her Fears and make her wholly his.

With what impudent and ſcandalous Prophanations did he call on my Name as a Witneſs of his everlaſting Love and Truth!——How did he ſwear by each immortal Being, that he deſpiſed her Wealth, and only coveted that richer Treaſure of her amiable Perſon!

With what uncommon Oaths did he atteſt his monſtrous Flatteries!—How did he weep, and kneel, and beg her to believe him!—And with what an unexampled Artifice did that cunning Jade ſeem, by little and little, ſo to do! and at laſt, though by very ſlow Degrees, appear quite melted by his Ardors, and ſinking into his Arms, proteſts ſhe could no longer reſiſt the mighty Power of Love, and would be only his, whatever might enſue.

By

By the extraordinary Pains he had taken to bring her to this Diſpoſition, and the prodigious Reward he expected for his Hypocriſy, you may judge of his Tranſports at this Promiſe; which fearing ſhe ſhould revoke, on cool Reflection, and relapſe into her former Reſerve, ſcarce could he give himſelf Time to thank her for the Condeſcention ſhe had made him, but calling haſtily for his Servant, ordered him to fetch a Prieſt that Moment.

The Fellow, perfectly acquainted with his Maſter's Mind, performed his Commands immediately; and they were married that very Night in the Preſence of the People of the Houſe and all the Servants.

It being her Wedding-Night, and, perhaps, the only one in which ſhe could expect the Company of her Bridegroom, the pretended Heireſs ordered a magnificent Collation to be ſerved in; after which they were put to Bed with all the Cere-

Ceremonies uſual on ſuch Occaſions; ſhe having firſt taken Care to ſlip out privately, and ſend a Meſſenger to inform *Charlotta* and *Bilcano* of the compleated Succeſs of their Project, and that ſhe was now the Wife of the deceived *Hymenus*.

The new-wedded Huſband thought himſelf not more happy in the Poſeſſion of his imaginary Heireſs, than did the malicious *Charlotta* in triumphant Revenge on her perfidious and avaricious Lover.

She longed for the Morning to proclaim the pleaſing Miſchief, and the Shame and Ruin of *Hymenus*.

The Chariot of enlivening *Phœbus*, gleaming from diſtant Skies, had ſcarce declared the God's Approach, when ſhe forſook her Bed, and ſending for the Jeweller, Milliner, Mercer, and all thoſe People whom ſhe had cauſed to furniſh the counterfeit *Indian* with the neceſ-

ſary

ſary Things to carry on her Deſign, ſent them all in a Body to wiſh the Bride and Bridegroom Joy, and to demand the ſeveral Sums due to them for equipping her.

It is almoſt impoſſible to conceive the Surprize which *Hymenus* was in, when he was told ſuch a Number of People came all at once to enquire for him, at a Place where he could not, as yet, have expected any body: But it would be more difficult to deſcribe the Horror which ſeized on every Faculty of his Soul, when ſuffering them to be admitted, they acquainted him with the Buſineſs which had brought them there.

Amazement and Terror at firſt took from him the Power of Speech, but looking wildly ſometimes on his Wife, and ſometimes on his unexpected Company, by his Eyes ſeemed to deſire a farther Explanation of this moſt ſhocking Affair.

But

But as they had given him their Bills, they thought they had no more to do, than to wait till he ſhould order them what Time they ſhould call again for their Money; and ſhe thinking that, in her Circumſtances, Silence would beſt become her, ſpoke not a ſingle Word; till a Servant delivering a Letter to *Hymenus*, he haſtily opened it, and found in the Contents a full Solution of all the fatal Myſtery.

This Letter was ſent by *Charlotta*, who, having firſt upbraided him with his Inconſtancy, and the many Proofs he had given of his ſordid, avaricious Nature, proceeded to inform him of the Meaſures ſhe had taken for her Revenge; and concluded her Epiſtle with Reflections more ſtinging, more ſeverely keen, if poſſible, than the very Puniſhment ſhe had inflicted on him.

In this Exigence, all that he had of Man or Reaſon entirely forſook him: ——He ſeemed all Diſtraction; and, if he

he had not been with-held, had, in the ſudden Heat of his Fury, ruſhed on the artful Inſtrument of *Charlotta*'s Revenge, and made her Life the Sacrifice of his diſappointed Expectations;—but, being prevented in that Attempt, he flew raving out of the Houſe, with his Mouth full of Curſes, and his Heart full of Miſchief.

The cunning Bride, who on the Diſcovery expected no better Treatment, was very little alarmed at his Behaviour; but diſmiſſing the Tradeſmen with an Aſſurance that they ſhould be paid, ſet herſelf down to conſider in what Manner was the beſt for her to proceed.

Scarce was ſhe fixed in Contemplation before *Charlotta* came to viſit her, and applauding what ſhe had done, charged her ſtill to maintain the ſame Spirit and Reſolution.

"Conſider,"

" Conſider," ſaid ſhe, " that you " are the lawful Wife of *Hymenus*, and " that no Pretences can deprive you of " that Title, nor hinder you from an " Allowance for your Support, pro- " portionable to the Eſtate of your " Huſband;—therefore do not ſuffer " him to perſuade or terrify you out of " what you have a Right to demand; " —you ſhall never want a Friend nor " a Purſe to aſſiſt you in aſſerting your " juſt Due, while *Charlotta* lives and " can command a Shilling."

The Aſſurance *Charlotta* gave her of eſpouſing her Cauſe, encouraged the other to reſolve as ſhe would have her, and to be guided by her in every Point of her Management in the Affair.

Immediately after this ſhe diſcharged two of her Servants, becauſe to keep them all, ſhe thought would render her liable to Calumny in the Opinion of the World, and make her be looked upon by him and all that knew her, as a Per-

ſon who aimed only at his Ruin; and to leave herſelf without any, would be too mean and contemptible for the Wife of *Hymenus*, whoſe Family and Fortune were, really, very conſiderable in the World.

But the Diſcretion, with which ſhe now behaved, had not the leaſt Effect on him;—he now hated her as ſincerely as before he had pretended to love her, and being determined never to cohabit with her, he conſulted with ſome Gentlemen, learned in the Law, by what Means he could avoid it.

They all aſſured him there was none, unleſs he could prevail on her to accept of a ſeparate Maintenance.

Dear as *Hymenus* loves his Money, and odious as his Wife was now become to him, he made her an Offer of this Kind; but it was ſo ſmall, that, by the Advice of *Charlotta*, ſhe refuſed it; and poſitively told him, that he muſt either

either take her home, or make ſuch a Settlement upon her as would enable her to live as grand in another Place, as ſhe could have expected to have done with him, had he married her merely thro' Inclination.

Never was any Man more tortured, more diſtracted in Mind than *Hymenus!* ——He remained for ſeveral Days wholly incapable of fixing on any Reſolution;——ſometimes he thought of carrying her down to his Country Houſe, and by continual Ill-uſage, endeavour to rid himſelf of his Burden, by wearying and torturing her out of her Life; but then he conſidered that the Laws of this Kingdom are very favourable to Wives, and that having Spirit enough to complain, ſhe would not fail of obtaining Redreſs.

Sometimes he was for allowing her the utmoſt of her Demands, rather than endure the Mortification of ever ſeeing her any more; but this his avaritious

Temper would not permit him to conſent to.

In fine, both theſe Methods were ſo equally dreadful to him, that he knew not which was the leaſt Evil; nor could he come to a Reſolution which to make choice of.

Madneſs was nothing to thoſe Agonies which hs endured from the mingled Paſſions of Shame, Remorſe, Rage, and Conſciouſneſs of having but too much merited the Misfortunes he laboured under.

The continual Inſults he received from *Charlotta*, and the Reflections which in all Places, and in all Company ſhe daily caſt upon him, making the Story the Object of Ridicule whereever ſhe came, made him, if poſſible, more incenſed againſt her, than he was againſt the Woman he had married; and burning with the moſt inveterate Malice and Deſire of Revenge, ſome Perſons,

ſons, either with a Deſign to get Money out of him, or deſirous of rendering him a greater Mark of Contempt, perſuaded him to have recourſe to Law againſt *Charlotta*, making him believe that he might obtain great Satisfaction from her; becauſe he could ſo eaſily prove, even from her own Letter, that ſhe was not only an Accomplice in the Impoſition put upon him, but was alſo the chief Contriver and Abetter of it.

If he could, by any Means, revenge himſelf on her who had been the Occaſion of this fatal Scene, he would have thought himſelf, in ſome Meaſure, made amends for the Vexation he endured; and therefore he employed a Lawyer immediately; who making his Caſe as plauſible as he could in Behalf of his Client, *Charlotta* was cited to the Bar; but being alſo permitted to plead in her own Defence, ſhe gave ſuch ſubſtantial Reaſons for what ſhe had done, and ſo effectually proved it an Act of Juſtice, that her Defence met with the Ap-

plauſe of the whole Court:——There was not one Perſon who heard it, but commended her Ingenuity and Spirit.

She was acquitted by the Judges by whom ſhe had been tried, and *Hymenus* commanded to go home and take Care of his Wife.

The Hiſſes of all the People that were in Court purſued him till he was out of hearing; and as he was caſt, being obliged to pay all Charges and Coſts of Suits, he grows diſtracted to think how dear he has purchaſed this Addition to the Shame, with which he had before been ſufficiently loaded.

The few Friends he has, endeavour to perſuade him to Moderation, but all in vain;——Life becomes a Burden to him; all Hell is in his Boſom, and more than once has he attempted to deſtroy himſelf, and rid him of Thoughts which ſeem to him too terrible to be borne.

But

But the divineſt *Jupiter*, willing to prolong his Puniſhments a longer Space of Time in the Scene of his Offences, will not ſuffer *Atropos* to break the Thread of Life; and he ſtill continues in that dreadful Station which the Damn'd endure, of wiſhing to be deprived of their Senſe of Pain, and yet having that Senſe grow ſtill more ſharp and more ſuſceptible of Woe and Horror.

The Court has not yet decreed an Allowance for the Woman that he has married, but in a little Time, doubtleſs, it will be determined;—till then, *Charlotta*, according to her Promiſe, defrays all the Expences ſhe has or may ſuſtain.

Thus have I given you the Particulars of a Story which has made much Noiſe in this Kingdom.

I confeſs it was a witty and juſt Revenge which *Charlotta* inflicted on the ungrateful *Hymenus*; but, I am of Opinion, it was not ſo conſiſtent with the Modeſty of that Sex which are never free from Cenſure, but when they endeavour not to do any thing which may render them remarkable.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

The amorous Deity relates the Hiſtory of Tricanus *and* Henrietta.—Tricanus *having gained an entire Conqueſt over her Affections, becomes ſated with a free Poſſeſſion of her Charms; and in order to have an Excuſe for deſerting her, appoints a Time to come to her in the Night, and acquaints a younger Brother of his with the Scheme he had laid, and ſends this Brother to repreſent himſelf; the Brother gains Admittance, and* Tricanus *goes ſome time afterwards and finds his Brother in Bed with* Henrietta.—Tricanus *pretends to be extremely amazed, and attempts to ſtab his Brother;—but he, endeavouring to clear their Innocence, converts his Rage into Sorrow.*—Henrietta *ſwoons; they leave her to the Care of the Maid, and retire to ſpend the Remainder of the Night together, in drinking and applauding each other's Conduct.*

TRICANUS is, if poſſible, more impious than any I have named in

my whole Adventures.——When the gay Bloom of Youth ſate ſmiling on his Cheeks, and revelled in his radiant Eyes, never was a Man more formed to charm the Fair;—to the Beauties of his Perſon, he alſo had added an uncommon Share of ſprightly Wit.

The Lady who could preſerve herſelf undeceived by his pretended Ardors, muſt have more than female Judgment.

It would be a Taſk too tedious to recount the various Methods he had to ruin, or the Numbers of Ladies who have fallen Victims to his Inſinuations.

But the moſt remarkable was *Henrietta*;—none ever ſo long maintained the Field of Virtue and Honour, or with ſo much Difficulty was prevailed on to quit it.

She yielded not but with a ſolemn Promiſe that he would reſtore by Marriage, that Virtue which he but borrowed

rowed for the Support of his impatient Paſſion :—The Contract was confirmed by thouſands of Oaths and Proteſtations, nor did ſhe doubt the Performance of it, as ſoon as the Death of his Father ſhould leave him Maſter of his Actions and his Fortune.

But, alas! if ever he deſigned that Piece of Juſtice, which there is very little Probability of, he altered his Mind long before that Time arrived; and being wholly ſated with the free Poſſeſſion of her Beauties, grew weary of counterfeiting the Lover; and thought of nothing but the Means of diſengaging himſelf in ſuch a Manner as ſhould not drive her to Extremes; knowing his Father to be of a Temper (though he had baſely repreſented it to *Henrietta*) ſuch as would oblige him to do her Juſtice, if ever he were let into the Secret.

It coſt him ſome Pains to find out an Expedient to get rid of her; perhaps not

not leſs than it had done to gain her; —but thoſe Demons who are ever ready at hand to furniſh Invention with the Means of Miſchief, obeyed his Invocations, and put into his Head a Stratagem that was as artful as it was baſe and cruel.

Tricanus had a younger Brother who reſembled him very much both in Voice and Perſon; he had been ſome Time abroad on his Travels, and was but lately returned.——*Henrietta* had never ſeen him, nor had heard any thing of his Character.—He was of a Diſpoſition as lewd and as diſhonourable as his Brother, but more open and leſs artful.

The inhuman *Tricanus* related to him the Hiſtory of his Amour with *Henrietta*, acquainted him with the Promiſes he had made her, and the Fears he was in, that if proceeding by any violent Meaſures, it ſhould come to his Father's Ears, and he ſhould compel him to the Performance of it.

He,

He, therefore, intreated his Brother that he would ſupply his Place with her one Night, and by that Means give him a Pretence for quitting her, which even ſhe herſelf could not condemn him for.

The younger Brother was overjoyed at an Opportunity of obliging his elder Brother, eſpecially in ſo ſweet a Piece of Miſchief, and readily comply'd, leaving the Method of bringing it about entirely to him; which he did in this Manner:

He went that Afternoon to viſit her, and telling her that he deſigned himſelf the Happineſs of paſſing the Night with her, begged ſhe would order her Servant to ſit up; not only becauſe it would be late before he could diſengage himſelf from ſome Company he had appointed to meet, but alſo coming at ſuch an unſeaſonable Time to her Apartment, might alarm the Family where

where ſhe lodged, he might be admitted without any Noiſe.

Henrietta had a Parlour which looked into the Street, and they contrived it ſo, that the Maid ſhould ſit with the Window-ſhutter half open, and be ready at his giving a little Rap at it with his Fingers, to open the other Part, at which it being ſo low, he might enter with Eaſe;—to prevent all Suſpicion, the Candles were alſo to be extinguiſhed.

The obedient *Henrietta*, looking on herſelf as his Wife, comply'd, without any Reluctance, to his Deſires; and every thing being thus concluded on, he took his Leave, waiting as impatiently for Midnight to bring his Brother into her Arms as he had formerly done to be there himſelf.

At laſt he arrived; and the young Gentleman having received Inſtructions how to behave, acted his Part ſo well,

that

that the Miſtreſs and the Maid took him for no other than the Perſon they expected;—by the one he was conducted to the Bed, and by the other he was received there with all the Welcome he could deſire.

When the younger Brother had lain there about two Hours, *Tricanus*, as was agreed between them, thundered very loud at the Street-Door.

Some of the Servants calling from the Top of the Houſe to know the Occaſion of that Noiſe, he told them, that he muſt ſpeak with *Henrietta*'s Maid, and ſwore he would not leave the Place till ſhe came down to him.

The Girl was prodigiouſly frighted and amazed, but infinitely more ſo when ſhe ſaw who it was that aſked for her.

"What is the Meaning," ſaid *Tricanus* counterfeiting Drunkenneſs, "that

"you

" you were ſo deficient in the Duty you " owed to your Miſtreſs, and in the " Promiſe you made me?——Was I a " Man to be impoſed upon, or will " the Circumſtances I am in with *Hen-* " *rietta*, ſuffer her to let her Servant " play her wanton Tricks with me, " and laugh at my eaſy Nature?—— " I have been a full Hour at the Win- " dow, while you, I ſuppoſe, were ri- " diculing my Credulity.

" But where is *Henrietta?*" continued he, " I will know the Meaning of this " Uſage from herſelf."

The Confuſion which the poor Wench was in, prevented her from making a Reply, and terrified to Death at what the Conſequence of this Miſtake might be, was ready to ſwoon at the Interrogations he made her.

Tricanus very eaſily gueſſed the Occaſion of her Diſorder; but taking no Notice, ſnatched the Candle out of her Hand,

Hand, and ran haſtily up Stairs, and into the Chamber of *Henrietta*; who, being alarmed with the Noiſe ſhe heard in the Houſe, ſhe was juſt going to call to know what had occaſioned it.

But oh! what Surprize! what Amazement! what Horror ever equalled her's, when ſhe ſaw *Tricanus* approach the Bed!——If any thing ever ſeemed like it, it was that which he pretended to be in, at finding her in that Place with another Man.

For a Moment or two he ſtood as if transfixed, his Sword half drawn, his Eyes ſeemed to ſparkle with indignant Fire, his Lips to tremble with convulſive Rage, yet unable to utter the Dictates of it, as his Arm was to perform the Office for which it was at firſt pretended to be raiſed; while his younger Brother, who was to appear with more Courage, ſtarting up in his Bed, added to the Agonies of *Henrietta*'s Soul by theſe Words——"Indeed, Brother, I

"take

" take it very ill that you ſhould pur-
" ſue me in this Manner—I never di-
" ſturbed you in your Pleaſures, and
" think it more than becomes you to
" interrupt mine—Pray of what Con-
" ſequence are my little Intrigues to
" you?"

" Death, Hell, and Confuſion," cry'd the other, feigning juſt then to have regain'd the Liberty of Speech, " know " you not whom your Embraces have " polluted?——Are you then ignorant " that this Woman is my Wife?—If " her vile Soul ſtarts not at an Act of " Inceſt, is your's ſo hardened, that " neither the Horror of the Crime, the " Honour of your Family, nor the " eternal Peace of your poor Brother, " whoſe very Life was wrapt in her's, " could deter you from committing it?

" But," continued he, " I will do " Juſtice on you both, you Pair of " Monſters!—Die, impious Wretches,

" die

" die by this Hand you have ſo greatly
" injured!"

While he was repeating theſe Words, he pretended to make a Paſs at his Brother with all his Fury, which he warding off with the Bed-clothes, cried out at the ſame Time—" Hold, Brother, I " conjure you!——Permit me, before " you kill me, to unriddle Part of this " black Scene of Fate.—If the Wo- " man I have enjoyed proves to be your " Wife, far was it from my Know- " ledge or my Thoughts.—Neither is " ſhe, in the leaſt to blame,—I entered " in the Dark, and by all Circum- " ſtances was taken for another.—Re- " plete with Wine and amorous De- " ſires, I humoured the Deceit.—We " are both innocent in Intent, though " I confeſs we are, in fact, too guilty."

The elder aſked the younger how he got Admittance?—" Paſſing thro' the " Street," anſwered he, " I ſaw a Wo- " man at a low Window;—a natural

" Curioſity

" Curioſity made me draw near; and
" as ſoon as I approached, ſhe accoſted
" me with, *Are you come, Sir?—My*
" *Miſtreſs thought you long.*—The ſame
" Devil which had drawn me to the
" Window, prevailed on me to enter
" at it, ſhe making a Sign to me that
" I might come in that Way.—I aſ-
" ſure you, Brother, I imagined it no
" more than an Aſſignation of Gal-
" lantry made with ſome favourite Lo-
" ver, who was appointed to come to
" reap ſtolen Joys in the Abſence of
" the Huſband or the Father; and did
" not ſcruple to ſupply his Place.——
" This I declare to be the Truth, and
" nothing but the Truth."

The poor Servant Maid, who had by this Time recovered herſelf enough to follow *Tricanus* into the Room, ſeconded what his Brother had ſaid; and he appearing to be convinced, converted the Rage he had been in to Grief.——
" What!" cried he, " is it I then, and
" I alone, that am the Cauſe of my
" own

" own Ruin, by making this wild and
" fooliſh Appointment, and ſtaying
" later than the Hour in which I ſhould
" have kept it?"

He then broke out into Ravings on the Force of Wine and Company, which had detained him; curſed Fate and himſelf, and ſcarce ſpared Heaven.

Any Perſon that had ſeen him, muſt have thought him poſſeſſed of the moſt poignant Sorrow that ever ſeized the Heart of Man.—His Brother too, appeared in Agonies little inferior to his; but poor deluded *Henrietta*, whoſe Anguiſh was both real and intolerable, fell into a Condition which would admit of no Conſolation; ſhe retained the Uſe of Reaſon juſt long enough to know that ſhe was ruined paſt Redemption, and then loſt it for ever.

The two perfidious Brothers, after having expreſſed ſome Concern for her Diſtreſs, recommended her to the Care

of

of her Maid, and withdrew to paſs the Remainder of the Night in talking of this Adventure.

Each applauded the other for the lively Performance of the ſeveral Characters they had repreſented; and the tragic Scene which they had been acting, ſerved for a pleaſing Farce, which they often repeated ſome Part of again, to heighten Humour, and make the Wine go down with a better Reliſh.

I could relate many more Inſtances of the unparalleled Baſeneſs of this Wretch's Nature; but I think this one is ſufficient to evince the Truth of what I alledge, and make you judge, that if he who could be guilty of ſuch an Action as this, might not be capable of the moſt horrid Act that Villany can inſpire.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

He relates the Hiſtory of Bonatus *and* Belinda.—*He acquaints us with the Character of* Bonatus;—*commends his Charity, Friendſhip,* &c.—*He wants nothing but the Perfection of Love, which he is at preſent inſenſible of.*—*He makes his Addreſs to* Belinda, *and acts the Part of Lover, but is not ſenſible of Love's Influence.*—Cupid *inſtructs the Ladies in the Choice of a Man; and concludes with ſome general Exhortations.*

BEING willing to relieve myſelf from theſe deteſtable Reflections, I ſhall relate the Hiſtory of *Bonatus*, who is the Darling of the Fair, and the Delight of all that know him!——An amiable Perſon, but a more amiable Mind!—All his Expreſſions are dictated by the ſublimeſt Wit, and all his Actions by Tenderneſs and Good-nature.

ture.—To be diſtreſſed, is a ſufficient Plea with him for Favour.

The Courteſy, the Alacrity, and the Affability with which he confers a Favour, is no inconſiderable Addition to it.

Some People, by redeeming a Man from one Misfortune, plunge him into another, and perhaps a greater; at leaſt it often happens ſo, when the Receiver is of a generous Diſpoſition.

Nothing in the World can be more grating than to be obliged, where the Perſon who has been prevailed on to do it, looks on you as a Slave that he has purchaſed with his Money; and in his Preſence you are neither to have the Privilege to ſpeak your own Words, nor think your own Thoughts.

But when *Bonatus* does a Kindneſs, it is in a Manner which ſhews it is a Pleaſure to himſelf; and is ſo far from treating

treating his Petitioner with Contempt, that he rather grows more obſervant to his Humours the more he knows of his Neceſſities.

This is his general Behaviour to thoſe who ſtand in need of him; but in his Friendſhip he has no Bounds;——he thinks nothing his own that the Man he profeſſes to eſteem ſhall have Occaſion for;—his Power, his Intereſt, his Fortune, his very Life, all but his Fame and Honour, is at the Devotion of him whom he calls Friend.

Nor is his Loyalty to his *King*, or Zeal for the Welfare of his Country, Virtues which ſhine with an inferior Luſtre to thoſe I have already named.

In ſhort, there is but one Perfection wanting to make him the Admiration of the wondering World, and a very proper Pattern for all Mankind to ſquare their Actions by.

If his Conſtancy in Love were but equal to his Faith in Friendſhip, with how much Pleaſure ſhould I look down upon him! how ſhould I pride myſelf in ſuch a Votary! But that is a Joy to come; nor do I yet deſpair but that my Darts may make an Impreſſion on his Heart ſome Time or other.

Often has my Bow, with Skill, been drawn, and oft have I hit the Part I aim'd at; but then, my Darts but ſlightly graz'd, and with *Apollo*'s Aid, he pluck'd, with Eaſe, the unhurtful Points, and threw them at his Feet.

He is always gay, polite and eaſy; his ſprightly Wit gains him more Conqueſts than the moſt obſequious Paſſion, if unaccompanied by thoſe powerful Charms.

I wiſh all faithful Lovers had *Bonatus*'s Arts to move, or that *Bonatus* had their Zeal and Truth.

But Good-nature, Gratitude, and Generoſity do ſo well ſupply the Place of Ardor, that they who have moſt Reaſon to ſearch into his Meanings, ſcarce can perceive the Difference.

Some Years ago, *Belinda* was the general Toaſt of the Town; it was a Kind of Faſhion to admire her:—*Bonatus*, amongſt the reſt, made ſome ſlight Addreſſes to her; but what he wanted in Aſſiduity, his Wit and Perſon made ſufficient Reparation for.

In ſhort, *Belinda* liked him, loved him; he was ſenſible of it, and became more preſſing; and in a very ſhort Time he woo'd and won her.

Bonatus was then in the Spring of his Age, and *Belinda* in the Summer; yet, though Decay comes on a-pace, and all thoſe Graces which once attracted each deſiring Youth, begin to wither on her fading Cheeks, ſhe ſtill maintains her Empire over his Behaviour.

But neither ſhe, nor any of her Sex, has yet had Power to conquer his Soul; yet, as he once profeſſed himſelf her Vaſſal, he is ſo now as much as ever.

He treats, addreſſes, makes her Preſents of conſiderable Value, keeps from her Knowledge, as much as poſſible, whatever other Amours he is engaged in, and is in every Particular ſo much like a Lover, that he may very well paſs for ſuch with thoſe who have the Power of judging only by Appearances.

I would adviſe the Ladies to ſet it down for a Maxim, which may ſometimes be very ſeviceable both to their Honour and Peace, that a Man of a good Underſtanding, if he has not always the moſt Tenderneſs and Affection, will never fail of being more grateful, than a Man of mean Capacity.

His good Senſe will repreſent to him, in ſuch lively Colours, the Crime of uſing

uſing a Woman cruelly, only becauſe ſhe has ſhewn too great a Regard for him, that it is next to an Impoſſibility he can be guilty of it; and if, like *Bonatus*, he is conſcious that he cannot return the Affection ſhe has for him with equal Fervour, he will, to make up that Deficiency, the more induſtriouſly ſtudy to oblige her in any other Affair of Life, in which it may happen in his Power to do it.

Fools are always refractory, ſelf-conceited, and churliſh; and when once the Paſſion of Deſire is extinguiſhed, the Woman, who has favoured them, may bid adieu to all Dependance on their Friendſhip.

Yet will not that unheeding Sex take Warning by the Multiplicity of Examples, which both Hiſtory and daily Experience furniſhes for their Obſervation.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude this Volume with a few ſeaſonable Exhortations.——View with the Mind's Eye the various Scenes that I have preſented before you——Make that Uſe which Heaven demands of thee, of theſe Diſcoveries I have made, to imitate the Virtues and avoid the Vices of thy Fellow-creatures.

Refine frail Nature:—At leaſt, endeavour to throw each darling Failing from thy Soul; and thoſe Reflections, which Reaſon inſpires in thy cooleſt Hours of Thought, retain about thee always; then will thou never be ſwayed by any ill Paſſion, nor do a Deed which Conſcience can condemn.

Reaſon and Conſcience ſtill go Hand in Hand; and when thy Actions are amiſs, the former is thy Judge, and the latter is thy Accuſer.—What they approve, the Gods will ratify.

Let thoſe then be thy conſtant Guide; and while thou tread'ſt the dangerous Path.

Path of Life, ſtray not one Step beyond the Bounds they ſet.

Let theſe infallible Truths be written in thy Heart, and keep them ever treaſured in thy Mind.

☞ *I am but juſt commenced Author, and therefore cannot form any Judgment of my Ability to pleaſe or inſtruct the Public; but one Thing I can venture to promiſe, that if this Performance meets with a general Approbation, the Public ſhall hear again from their*

Moſt obedient Servant,

CUPID.

FINIS.